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Adventure
COMICS
10¢

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You don't need a TELESCOPE!

WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE BEST IN COMICS... YOU DON'T HAVE HAVE TO LOOK IT'S RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE... ON EVERY NEWSSTAND WHERE YOU SEE THE SYMBOL... GUARANTEE OF TOP ENTERTAINMENT IN ADVENTURE AND HUMOR!

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AUTHORITY

The editorial standards of this publication are the strictest in the field.

LATEST ISSUES
NOW ON SALE

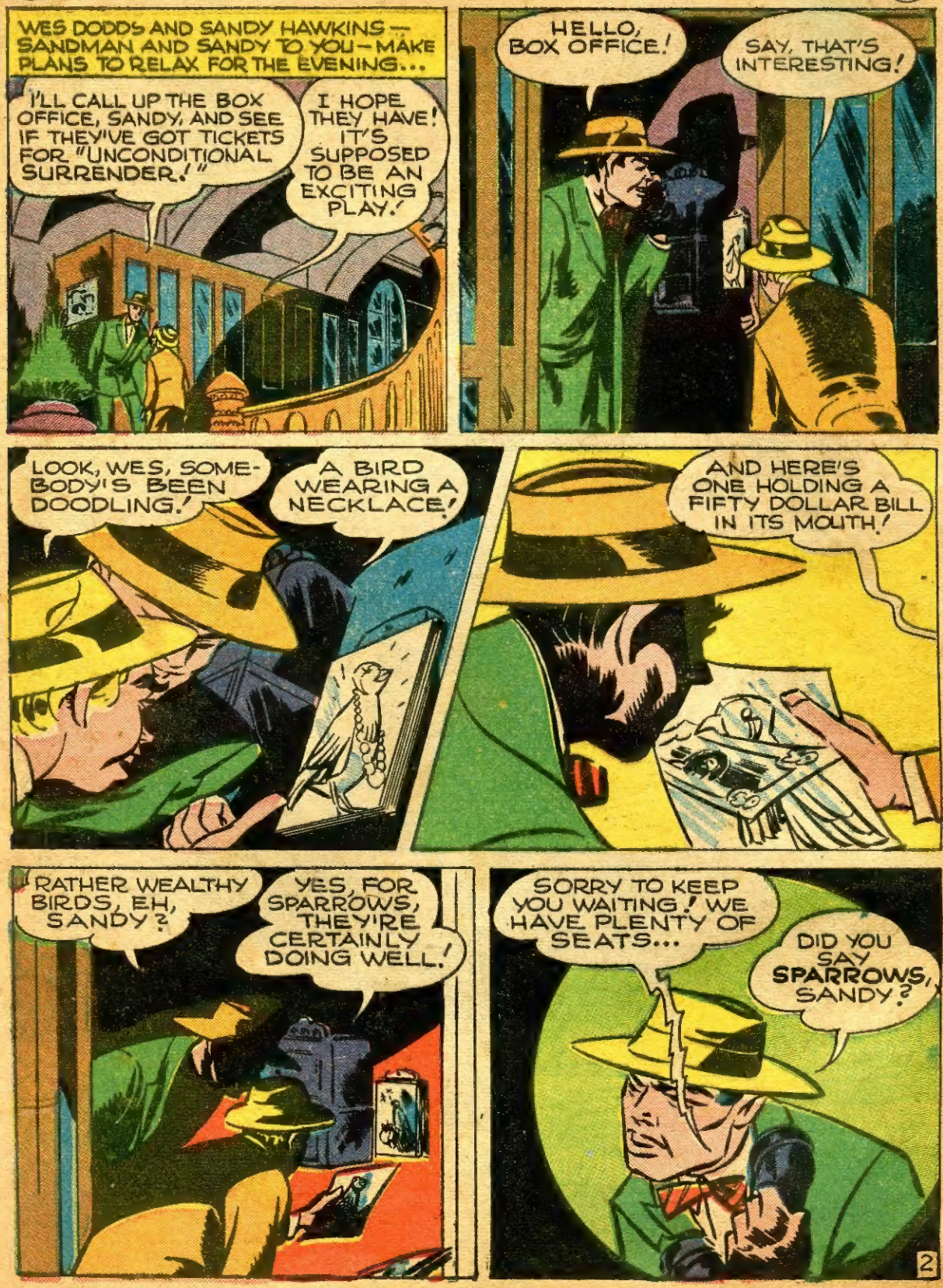
BUY CLEANED
READ CAREFULLY
TRADE OR SELL

Keep Them Moving!

The SANDMAN

in "HE DOODLED IT!"




WES DODDS AND SANDY HAWKINS — SANDMAN AND SANDY TO YOU — MAKE PLANS TO RELAX FOR THE EVENING...
I'LL CALL UP THE BOX OFFICE, SANDY, AND SEE IF THEY'VE GOT TICKETS FOR "UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER!"
I HOPE THEY HAVE! IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE AN EXCITING PLAY!
HELLO, BOX OFFICE!
SAY, THAT'S INTERESTING!
LOOK, WES, SOMEBODY'S BEEN DOODLING!
A BIRD WEARING A NECKLACE!
AND HERE'S ONE HOLDING A FIFTY DOLLAR BILL IN ITS MOUTH!
RATHER WEALTHY BIRDS, EH, SANDY?
YES, FOR SPARROWS, THEY'RE CERTAINLY DOING WELL!
SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING! WE HAVE PLENTY OF SEATS...
DID YOU SAY SPARROWS, SANDY?
2


THAT IS STRANGE!
I CAN GIVE YOU TWO IN THE CENTER AISLE...
HELLO, HELLO... CLICK!
HEY, YOU HUNG UP ON THE MAN!
HUH..? SORRY I WAS SO IMPOLITE... BUT THOSE DRAWINGS AROUSE CERTAIN MEMORIES. PERHAPS WE WON'T GO TO SEE A PLAY AFTER ALL!
THERE USED TO BE A GANG LED BY A CROOK NAMED SPARROW, BUT THEY WERE ALL SENT TO JAIL BEFORE YOUR TIME! HOWEVER, THEY MAY BE OUT AGAIN BY NOW...
AND THOSE PICTURES MAY INDICATE THE SPARROW'S SUBCONSCIOUS MIND PLAYING WITH A PLAN FOR ROBBERY!
YES, SIR, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I'D LIKE SOME SMALL CHANGE, PLEASE! I HAVE A LOT OF CALLS TO MAKE!
SORRY, I'M ALL OUT OF NICKELS! THE MAN WHO WENT INTO THAT BOOTH JUST BEFORE YOU ALSO HAD A LOT OF CALLS TO MAKE... I CHANGED A FIVE DOLLAR BILL FOR HIM!
A BRAND NEW ONE, RIGHT FROM THE BANK!
Y-YES, IT CERTAINLY IS BRAND NEW! COME ON, SANDY, WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN GET CHANGE SOMEPLACE ELSE!
DID YOU TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THAT BILL, SANDY? IT WAS VERY WELL DONE... BUT DEFINITELY COUNTERFEIT!
GEE, DO YOU THINK THE MAN WHO PASSED IT COULD HAVE BEEN THE SPARROW HIMSELF?
3


I WOULDN'T SWEAR TO IT... THOSE DOODLES MAY BE A COINCIDENCE! BUT SANDMAN AND SANDY ARE GOING TO FIND OUT FOR CERTAIN.
SHORTLY, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
YES, SANDMAN, MOST OF SPARROW'S GANG ARE OUT AGAIN... BUT THEIR SPECIALTY WAS ROBBERY, NOT COUNTERFEITING.!
SANDY AND I WILL DO SOME SNOOPING AROUND THE SPARROW'S OLD HAUNTS, ANYWAY.
SOON, IN THE CRIME-RIDDEN SLUMS...
THE SPARROW HIMSELF, AND HE'S CERTAINLY MAKING NO EFFORT TO HIDE.!
HE MUST KNOW THE POLICE DON'T WANT HIM!
AND YET, UNLESS MY KNOWLEDGE OF LIP-READING DECEIVES ME, HE'S PLANNING TO PULL A JOB TONIGHT. WE'LL TAG ALONG, SANDY, AND SEE WHAT'S UP.
AND SHORTLY, IN THE SAME PART OF TOWN...
OKAY, BOYS, GIVE 'EM THE WORKS.!
HA, HA, DIS IS SWEET. HERE'S ONE JOB WHERE WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY NONE ABOUT COPPERS.

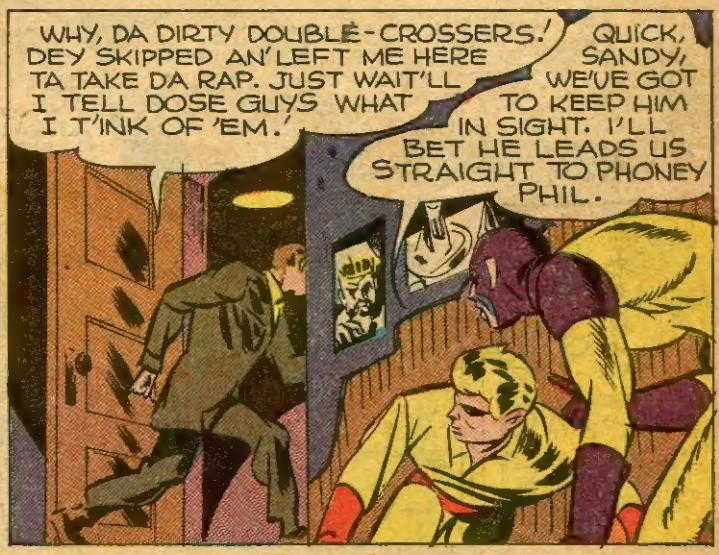

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THERE IS TO STEAL IN THIS PLACE... BUT I CERTAINLY INTEND TO FIND OUT!
SPARROW, YOU DOITY HIJACKER!
SANDMAN!
WELL, WELL— SPARROW AND PHONEY PHIL! CAN'T YOU BOYS GET ALONG?
IN PERSON, AND NOT A COUNTERFEIT!
YIII!
NOTHING PHONEY ABOUT THIS FIVE!
ARGH..
FROM MY POINT OF VIEW, TWO HEADS ARE CERTAINLY BETTER THAN ONE!
WHACK
EEEEHHHH...
5


UNEXPECTEDLY...
HEY... WHAT'S HAPPENING?
THE FLOOR'S TURNING! QUICK, SANDY, GET OFF!
TOO LATE!
SLAM!
THE WINDOW, SANDY! COME ON, WE'LL GET OUT THAT WAY, AND MAYBE WE CAN STILL LAY HANDS ON THOSE CROOKS.
NO USE, SANDY, OUR RATS HAVE TAKEN TO COVER.
MAYBE THEY HAVE, BUT WE KNOW ONE THING NOW... THAT THE SPARROW IS DEFINITELY INTERESTED IN THE COUNTERFEITING BUSINESS!
BUT NOT AS A PRINTER. HE AND HIS GANG ARE HIJACKING PHONEY PHIL.
THAT MEANS WE HAVE TWO GANGS TO TRACK DOWN, INSTEAD OF ONE. WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THIS REVOLVING PLATFORM... HMM, THIS MUST BE THE CONTROL-BUTTON...
YOU'VE GOT IT, SANDMAN!

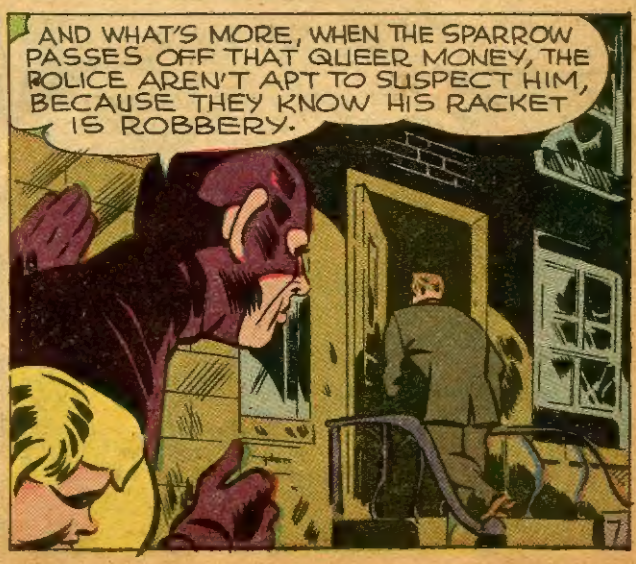

LOOK, THERE'S ONE WHO DIDN'T GET AWAY!
I DIDN'T NOTICE HIM IN THE SPARROW'S MOB, SO HE MUST BE WORKING WITH PHONEY PHIL. SANDY, WE'RE GOING TO LET THIS CROOK ESCAPE!


WHAT..? I DON'T UNDER-STAND!
YOU WILL, SANDY—SOON ENOUGH. BUT RIGHT NOW WE'RE GOING TO GET DOWN ON THAT FLOOR AND PLAY DEAD!


SECONDS LATER...
HUH... SANDMAN AND SANDY OUT COLD! GEE, DOSE GUYS SURE DID BREAK UP SPARROW'S HIJACKING RACKET!


WHY, DA DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSERS! DEY SKIPPED AN' LEFT ME HERE TA TAKE DA RAP. JUST WAIT'LL I TELL DOSE GUYS WHAT I T'INK OF 'EM.
QUICK, SANDY, WE'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM IN SIGHT. I'LL BET HE LEADS US STRAIGHT TO PHONEY PHIL.

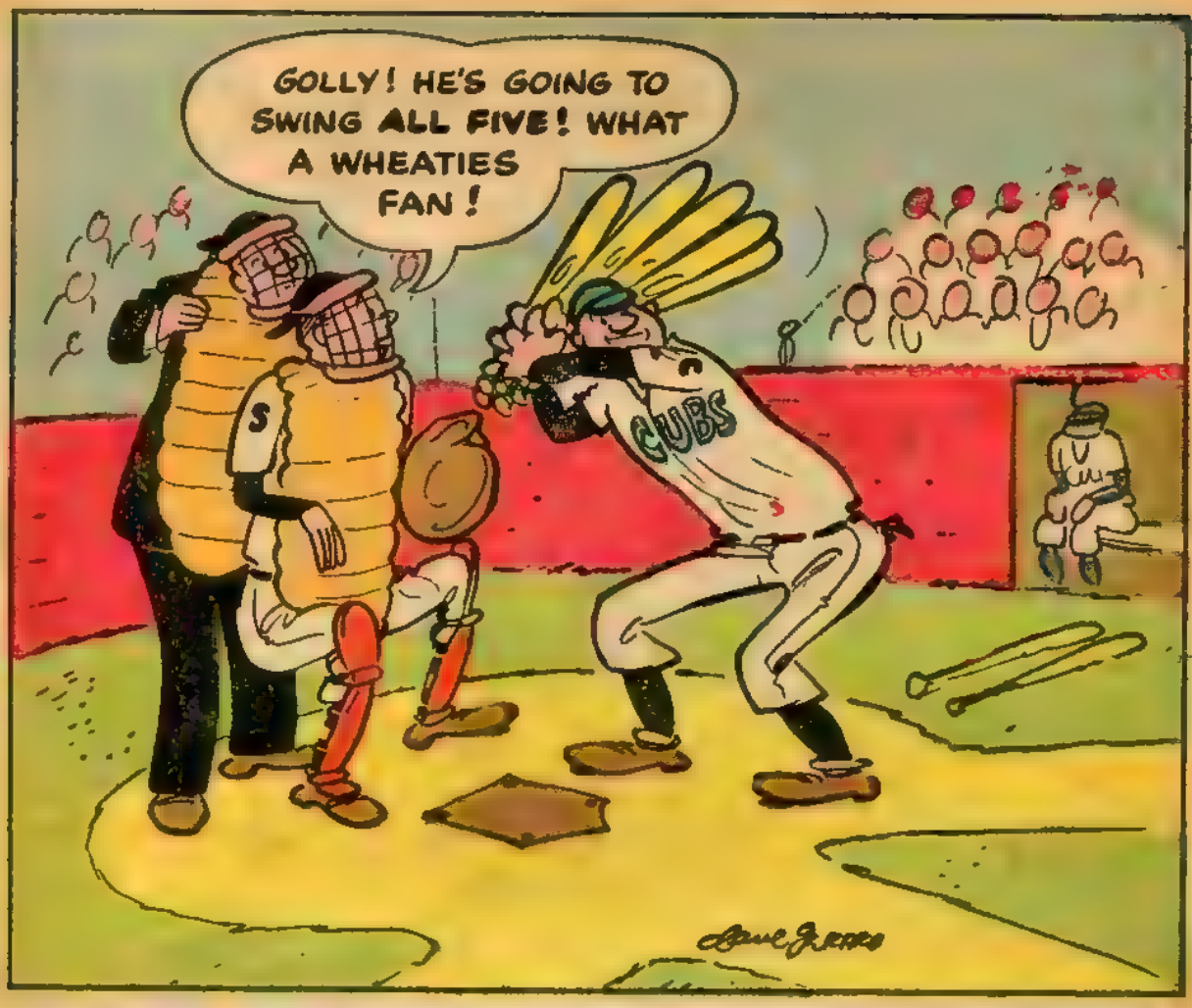

THE SPARROW CERTAINLY HAS A NEAT RACKET. ROBBING A CROOK LIKE PHIL, HE KNOWS THAT HE DOESN'T STAND MUCH DANGER OF RUNNING AFOUL OF THE LAW.

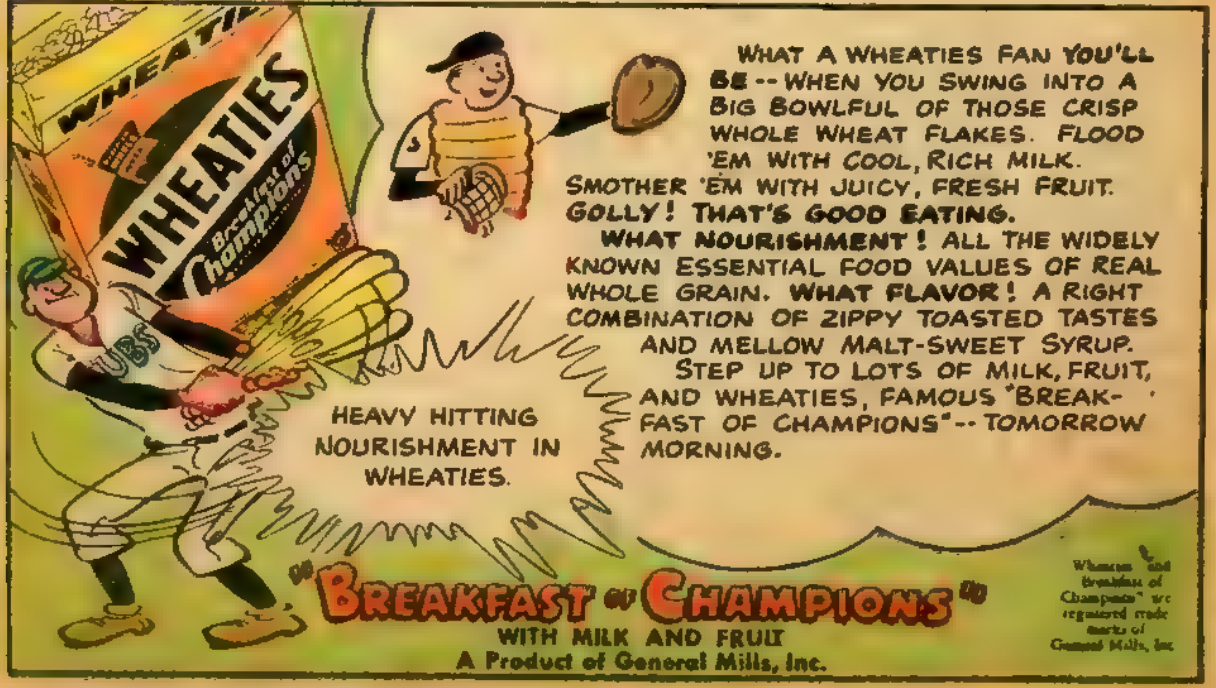

AND WHAT'S MORE, WHEN THE SPARROW PASSES OFF THAT QUEER MONEY, THE POLICE AREN'T APT TO SUSPECT HIM, BECAUSE THEY KNOW HIS RACKET IS ROBBERY.


JUST THEN, INSIDE THE HOUSE...
WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO SLIPPY? I AIN'T SEEN HIM SINCE SANDMAN BROKE UP OUR LITTLE PARTY WITH PHONEY PHIL.
GEE, I HOPE HE AIN'T CAUGHT.
WELL, IF SLIPPY IS CAUGHT, WE AIN'T GONNA HAVE AN EASY TIME FINDIN' PHIL AGAIN.
YEAH, AN' PHIL'S GOT AWAY WID ALL DA DOUGH WE WERE AFTER.
HEY, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RATS! WHAT'S DA BIG IDEA OF LEAVIN' ME BEHIND? AIN'T I IMPORTANT...AIN'T I BEEN DOIN' MY BIT PRETENDING TO BE ONE OF PHIL'S MOB AND TIPPIN' YA OFF EVERY TIME THEY GOT A BATCH OF BILLS PRINTED?
HOLD IT, SLIPPY! WE DIDN'T RUN OUT ON YOU. WE WERE AFRAID OF SANDMAN!
DAT SAP? HAW, HAW, IF YOU MUGS WASN'T SO EXCITED, YA WOULD HAVE KNOWN DAT HE WAS OUT COLD!
AT THIS MOMENT...
COME ON, SANDMAN, LET'S GET 'EM!
WAIT, SANDY! THAT THUG DOESN'T BELONG TO PHIL'S GANG AS I THOUGHT- HE'S IN WITH SPARROW. LET'S HOLD IT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.
HE'S LEADING THEM SOMEPLACE.
SWELL! WE'LL LET HIM LEAD US, TOO!


MEANWHILE...
BOSS, DERE'S NUTTIN' LIKE A BANK VAULT AFTER ALL!
YEAH, IT'S DA ONLY SAFE PLACE FER AN HONEST MAN TA KEEP HIS MONEY. IT'S A GOOD THING WE GOT SOME "QUEER" BILLS SALTED AWAY.
WID SANDMAN WISE TO US, AND OUR PRESS NO USE NO MORE, IT'S TIME TA DIVVY UP AND GET OUTA TOWN! DA BOYS MUST BE WAITIN' BY NOW... LET'S HURRY!
AND OUTSIDE THE BANK...
I WISH PHIL WOULD COME OUTA DERE. I'M GETTIN' IMPATIENT.
EASY, BOSS, HE'LL BE HERE... HEY, WHAT ARE YA DOIN'?
FIRST FEDERAL BANK
AW, NUTTIN', JUST DOODLIN'!
YIIII... LOOK WHAT YOU DOODLED, BOSS!
DAT'S A BAD SIGN!
GEE, I DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT I WAS DOIN'... ME FINGERS WERE ACTIN' ON THEIR OWN!


BUT NO MORE OF THAT... HERE'S PHIL! COME ON, BOYS!
SPARROW! BUT HOW...
NEVER MIND THE FOOLISH QUESTIONS! HAND OVER THE DOUGH!
SANDMAN AGAIN! HOW...
NEVER MIND THE FOOLISH QUESTIONS! JUST YOU HAND OVER THE MONEY!
HERE'S SOMETHING TO PUT YOU TO SLEEP, SANDMAN!
SANDMAN! HE'S SHOT YOU!
BANG
NO, SANDY... THE PILE OF BILLS STOPPED THE BULLET... JUST AS HIS CHIN IS STOPPING MY FIST!
AAAA...
SHORTLY...
NOT A BAD HAUL, SANDMAN! NOT ONE GANG BUT TWO... AND THOUSANDS IN COUNTERFEIT MONEY!
ALL ADDING UP TO SOME VERY GENUINE JAIL SENTENCES!
IF NOT FOR SANDMAN, I WOULDN'T BE HERE! WONDER WHAT GOT HIM ON MY TRAIL IN THE FIRST PLACE?
10


GOLLY! HE'S GOING TO SWING ALL FIVE! WHAT A WHEATIES FAN!
CUBS


WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions
CUBS
WHAT A WHEATIES FAN YOU'LL BE -- WHEN YOU SWING INTO A BIG BOWLFUL OF THOSE CRISP WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES. FLOOD 'EM WITH COOL, RICH MILK. SMOTHER 'EM WITH JUICY, FRESH FRUIT. GOLLY! THAT'S GOOD EATING.
WHAT NOURISHMENT! ALL THE WIDELY KNOWN ESSENTIAL FOOD VALUES OF REAL WHOLE GRAIN. WHAT FLAVOR! A RIGHT COMBINATION OF ZIPPY TOASTED TASTES AND MELLOW MALT-SWEET SYRUP.
STEP UP TO LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" -- TOMORROW MORNING.
HEAVY HITTING NOURISHMENT IN WHEATIES.
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT
A Product of General Mills, Inc.
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The SHINING KNIGHT
SHH... HE DON'T KNOW WHO TOOK IT!
WHAT'S IN A NAME, ANYWAY? AREN'T NAMES, LIKE CLOTHES, JUST THE ORNAMENTS OF MEN'S CHARACTERS? WELL, THAT DEPENDS. TAKE TITUS FARRELL, FOR EXAMPLE... AS SLICK AND ARTFUL A RAT AS EVER LIVED. AND THEN THERE'S TIM FARNUM... THE SOUL OF TRUTH AND HONOR. SUDDENLY, THE WORLD GETS TIM AND TITUS MIXED, AND IN THE CONFUSION THAT FOLLOWS, NAMES BECOME MIGHTY IMPORTANT, AND ESPECIALLY SO TO THE SHINING KNIGHT, WHEN HE SEEKS...
"New Shoes for Victory!"
AN ANNUAL EVENT FOR VICTORY; NEW SHOES — FOUR OF THEM.'
YOU'LL BE STEPPING RIGHT HIGH WITH THESE NEW SHOES. YES, SIR, VICTORY, WHEN THE SHINING NIGHT COMES TOMORROW MORNING, YOU AND HIM'LL BE STEPPING OUT IN STYLE — RIGHT OVER THE ROOF TOPS.'

NEW SHOES AREN'T SO MUCH, AT LEAST FOR A HORSE. HAY IS MUCH MORE EXCITING TO VICTORY. BUT NO SOONER IS HE LEFT TO HIS DINNER THAN HE DISCOVERS A VISITOR.'

A VERY BUSY VISITOR, TOO.' LOOKS AS IF HE HAS SOMETHING TO HIDE!

WHATEVER IT IS, THE JOB IS DONE. ONLY THEN DOES THE LITTLE TERRIER TAKE TIME OUT FOR A FRIENDLY SNIFF!

WHINNNNY!

ARRFF!

ARRFF!

THEN OFF AND AWAY...

HOME... BUT WHERE'S MASTER TIM FARNUM? HE SHOULD BE IN AT THIS HOUR. SURELY, HE OUGHT TO BE HOME!

SCRATCH!

ARRFF!

BUT NO ANSWER'

BACK TO WHERE HE LAST SAW HIS MASTER, ON THE SIDEWALK BEFORE MARTIER'S YES, THERE'S THAT SAME STRANGE CROWD, BUT NO MASTER TIM'

I HEAR MARTIER'S WAS ROBBED THIS AFTERNOON.'

SURE WAS... A $50,000 SET OF DIAMOND-ENCRUSTED CHESS MEN.

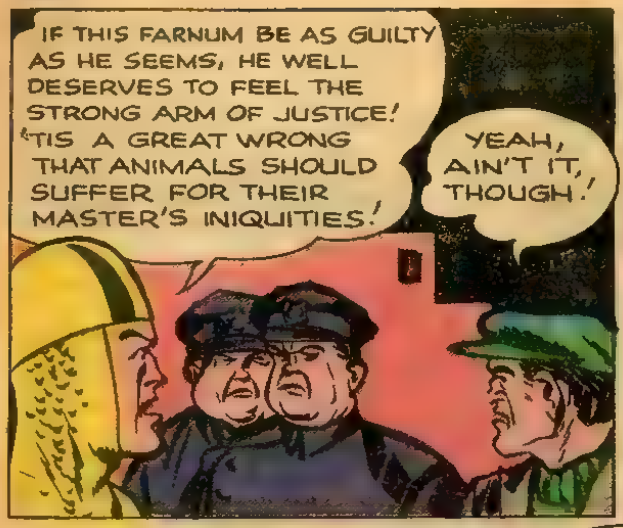
ANDRE MARTIER OBJETS D'ART

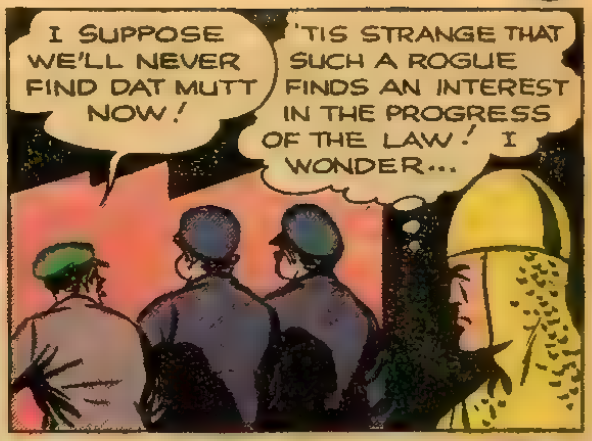
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HEY, MIKE! THAT POOCH AGAIN. FOLLOW HIM'

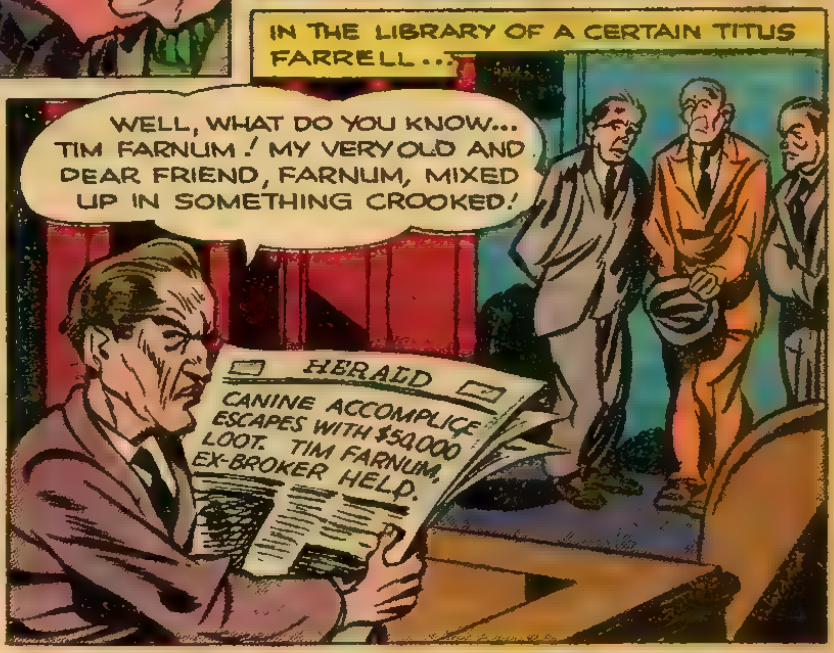
I AIN'T NO TRACK STAR.'

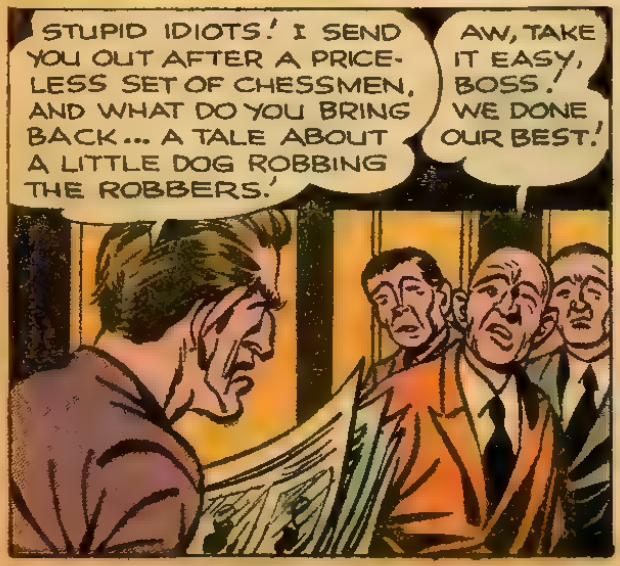

WHAT A WORLD... NO HOME, NO MASTER—AND NOW, BRUTAL SHOTS SPATTERING THE SIDEWALK AND SINGING PAST HIS EARS!
GOTTA KEEP UP WITH THAT PURP! IF I KIN JUST WING A LEG OR SOMETHIN', I STAND A CHANCE OF SEEIN' WHERE HE GOES!
JUST THEN...
BUMP!
JGHH!
DOLT, KNAVE, BULLY... WHAT MEANS THIS SHOOTING AND CHASING A LITTLE DOG? HAST THOU NO PITY FOR THE WEAK?
WHADDYA MEAN, PITY! DAT POOCH IS A T'IEF! HE MAY BE LITTLE BUT HE MADE A SNATCH WORT' FIFTY GRAN'!
I AIN'T DOIN' NUTTIN' EXCEPT HELPIN' DA COPS! DAT'S TIM FARNUM'S MUTT I WAS CHASIN', AND IT WAS HIM AND HIS GANG THAT PULLED DA JOB DIS AFTERNOON AT MARTIER'S!
WHAT SAYEST THOU... THAT LITTLE DOG A THIEF?
JUST ASK DA COPPERS HERE— DEY'LL TELL YA!
YES, SHINING KNIGHT. WHEN THE CROOKS CAME OUT OF MARTIER'S WITH THE LOOT AND RAN INTO SOME OF THE BOYS, THE DOG GRABBED THE BAG AND BEAT IT!
ASTOUNDING!
WE ALWAYS FIGURED TIM FARNUM WAS ON THE LEVEL. BUT NOW..
YEAH! IMAGINE HIM MAKIN' OUT THAT HE WAS AN UMBRELLA REPAIR MAN, AND CASIN' THE JOB RIGHT OUT IN PLAIN SIGHT ON THE SIDEWALK!
BEATS ME!
YEAH, DA DIRTY CROOK! IMAGINE! SITTIN' DOWN DERE IN DA JUG AN' NOT SAYIN' A WORD ABOUT HIS RACKET OR DA PURP! IT'S GETTIN' SO DIS WORLD AIN'T SAFE FER AN HONEST MAN'
3

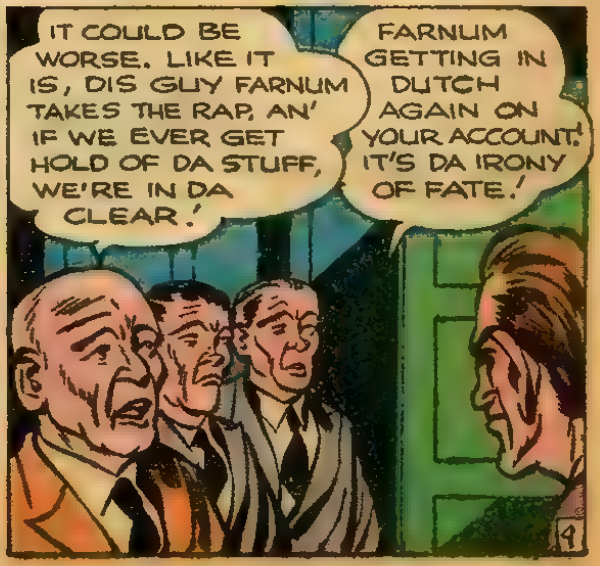




INDEED, THE SHINING KNIGHT MIGHT WELL WONDER AT THIS FELLOW'S ALLIANCE WITH THE LAW! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE LITTLE TERRIOR, SPOT? IS HE A CANINE CROOK? AND THEN THERE'S TIM FARNUM. IS THE OLD UMBRELLA MAN GUILTY AS HE SITS, STONILY SILENT, IN THE GLOOM OF THE CITY JAIL? SUPPOSE WE TAKE A MINUTE AND PEER BEHIND THE SCENES!



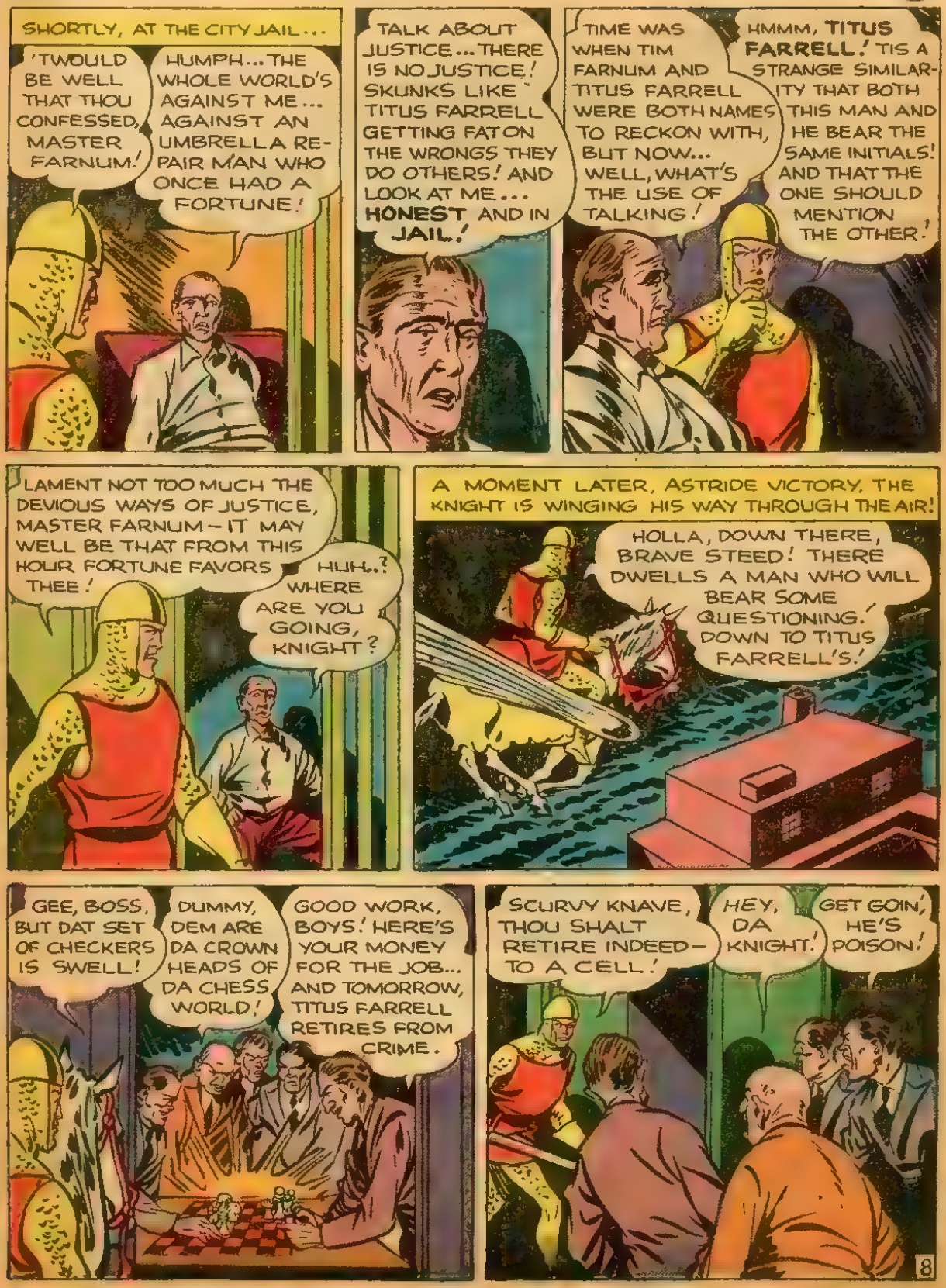




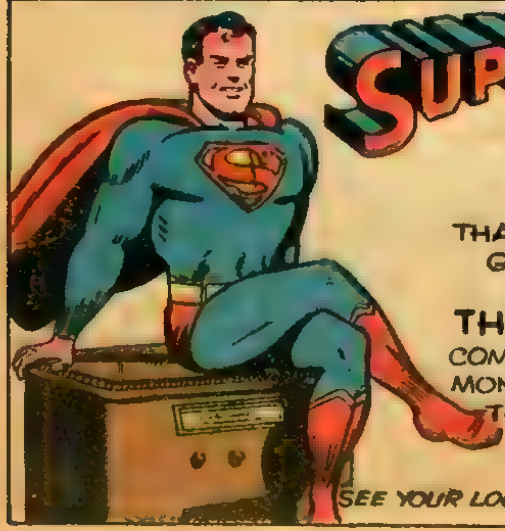

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, SPIKE! HA, HA... IT IS GOOD, ISN'T IT, THAT THE MAN I SWINDLED AND BROKE TWENTY YEARS AGO AGAIN COMES UNDER MY HEEL... AND THIS TIME QUITE BY ACCIDENT!
FROM RAGS TO RICHES AND BACK AGAIN! TRICKING OLD TIM INTO SIGNING OVER THAT STOCK WAS THE BEGINNING OF HIS END. LOOK WHERE HE IS NOW, AN UMBRELLA MENDER, COOLING OFF IN JAIL!
YEAH, AND LOOK WHERE YOU ARE, MR. FARRELL!
ON TOP OF THE WORLD — WHERE I REALLY MEAN TO STAY! BOYS, WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER, I RETIRE. I'M GOING TO PROVE THAT CRIME REALLY PAYS!
COME ON, YOU GUYS, WE CAN'T LET THE BOSS DOWN! WE GOTTA FIND THAT POOCH!
JUST THEN...
BOSS... BOSS, I FOUND HIM! I FOUND DA MUTT!
SWELL! WHATTA BREAK!
YEAH, HE'S HIDIN' OUT DOWN IN SOME STABLE WID A MILK WAGON PLUG OR SOMETHIN'! COME ON, LET'S GET GOIN'!
WAIT... TAKE THIS BAG!
WHAT'S THE GAG, BOSS?
SEE THESE INITIALS... T.F.? THEY'RE THE SAME AS TIM FARNUM'S, AND WHEN THE COPS EVENTUALLY FIND THIS AND THE DOG AT THE STABLE, THERE WILL NEVER BE ANY DOUBT OF FARNUM'S GUILT!
T.F.


SHORTLY...
ARFF! ARFF!
DERE HE IS, ALL RIGHT!
START LOOKIN' FER DA STUFF. IT'S PROBABLY BURIED IN DIS STRAW SOMEPLACE!
BUT AS THE SEARCH BEGINS...
ARFF! ARFF!
HO! GALLANT VICTORY SEEMS TO BE IN TROUBLE!
WHHINNY!
WE GOTTA HURRY! BETWEEN DA PLUG AND DIS MUTT, DA NOISE IS ENOUGH TO BRING DA WHOLE TOWN DOWN ONTA US!
I GOT IT... HERE'S DA LOOT!
THESE VARLETS ARE UP TO SOME MISCHIEF!
HUH..?
HEY, DA SHINING KNIGHT! HE'S ONTA US!
SCOUNDRELS, EXPLAIN THIS FURTIVE ENTRANCE INTO VICTORY'S PRIVACY!
DIS IS DA WAY WE TALK, MUSEUM PIECE!
HEY, DAT AIN'T DA WAY, BLACKIE! DA GUY'S IMMUNE FROM BULLETS!
BANG!
BANG!
DIS IS DA WAY... UGGH!
OWWWF!
BY MY TROTH, THESE KNAVES KNOW NOT HOW TO HOLD A LANCE!
6


THY KIND ARE HARDLY A WORTHY CHALLEGE TO THE SKILL AND VALOR OF CHIVALRY!
HEY..!
EEEKK!
BOP!
WELL DONE, BRAVE STEED! THEY GET A WELL-DESERVED BASTING!
AAAHH!
WHHINNY.
UNEXPECTEDLY, A SADDLE FALLS FROM ITS PLACE, AND..
THAT DONE IT! HE'S KNOCKED CUCKOO!
UGGH!
SOME TIME LATER...
BY MY TROTH, WHAT IS THIS— THE LITTLE CANINE THIEF SOUGHT BY ALL THE TOWN!
STRANGE KNAVES IN A STABLE... A DOG NO LARGER THAN A MINUTE, AND THIS SACK! VERILY THIS IS A MYSTERY, UNLESS..
T.F.
AH, NOW IT ALL BECOMES CLEAR! THESE INITIALS ARE THOSE OF TIM FARNUM! THESE BASE ROGUES ARE MASTER FARNUM'S CONSORTS IN CRIME! THEY HAVE COME TO CLAIM THE LOOT!
T.F.
IT IS QUITE PLAIN NOW THAT FARNUM IS THE GUIDING GENIUS OF THOSE HOODLUMS! COME, SPOT, WE GO TO QUESTION THY MASTER!
7


SHORTLY, AT THE CITY JAIL...
'TWOULD BE WELL THAT THOU CONFESSED, MASTER FARNUM!
HUMPH... THE WHOLE WORLD'S AGAINST ME... AGAINST AN UMBRELLA REPAIR MAN WHO ONCE HAD A FORTUNE!
TALK ABOUT JUSTICE... THERE IS NO JUSTICE! SKUNKS LIKE TITUS FARRELL GETTING FAT ON THE WRONGS THEY DO OTHERS! AND LOOK AT ME... HONEST AND IN JAIL!
TIME WAS WHEN TIM FARNUM AND TITUS FARRELL WERE BOTH NAMES TO RECKON WITH, BUT NOW... WELL, WHAT'S THE USE OF TALKING!
HMMM, TITUS FARRELL! TIS A STRANGE SIMILARITY THAT BOTH THIS MAN AND HE BEAR THE SAME INITIALS! AND THAT THE ONE SHOULD MENTION THE OTHER!
LAMENT NOT TOO MUCH THE DEVIOUS WAYS OF JUSTICE, MASTER FARNUM — IT MAY WELL BE THAT FROM THIS HOUR FORTUNE FAVORS THEE!
HUH..? WHERE ARE YOU GOING, KNIGHT?
A MOMENT LATER, ASTRIDE VICTORY, THE KNIGHT IS WINGING HIS WAY THROUGH THE AIR!
HOLLA, DOWN THERE, BRAVE STEED! THERE DWELLS A MAN WHO WILL BEAR SOME QUESTIONING. DOWN TO TITUS FARRELL'S!
GEE, BOSS, BUT DAT SET OF CHECKERS IS SWELL!
DUMMY, DEM ARE DA CROWN HEADS OF DA CHESS WORLD!
GOOD WORK, BOYS! HERE'S YOUR MONEY FOR THE JOB... AND TOMORROW, TITUS FARRELL RETIRES FROM CRIME.
SCURVY KNAVE, THOU SHALT RETIRE INDEED — TO A CELL!
HEY, DA KNIGHT!
GET GOIN', HE'S POISON!





SUPERMAN IS WAITING FOR You!

— RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME ON YOUR OWN RADIO!

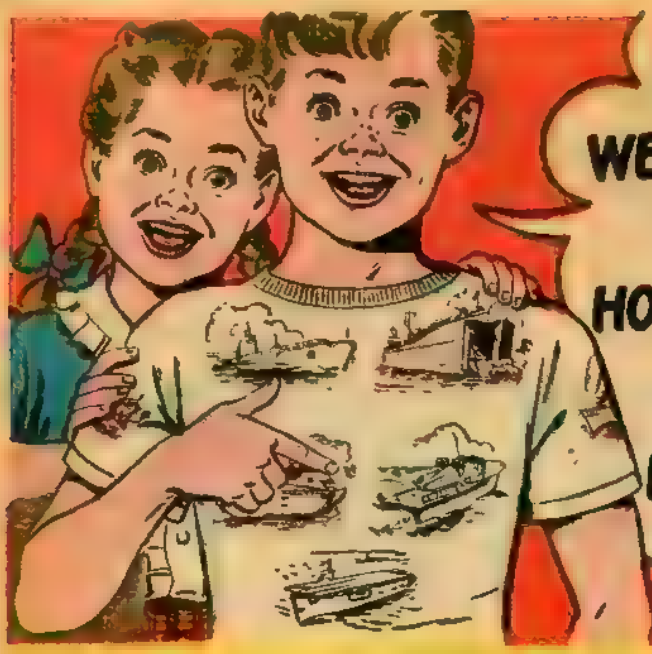
THAT'S RIGHT, FELLOWS AND GIRLS! THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF

THE MAN OF STEEL

COME TO YOU EVERY WEEKDAY, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY, OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK!

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SEE YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR TIME AND STATION



HEY, LOOK!

WE GOT THESE SWELL U.S. NAVY CRAFT HOT-IRON TRANSFERS AS PRIZES IN KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT!

Hot-iron transfers of aircraft carriers, battleships, destroyers, ducks, PT boats and other Navy Craft, yours as PRIZES. One in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat! Nothing to mail or send in.

NOW you can fix your sweat shirt, jacket, swim suit or gym shirt so that it's the envy of the whole neighborhood! You can cover it with swell pictures of alligators, submarines, cruisers—*in action!*

Wear a real snazzy sport shirt!

All you need are these different-colored hot-iron transfers—you can easily imprint them on any article of clothing with a hot iron. That's all! The pictures come off clean and sharp. They're long-lasting; won't wash away in soap and water.

You can select one as the secret emblem of your club and have every member of the gang wear it on his sport shirt. Or you can cover *your* sport shirt with different U. S. Navy Craft.

Get 'em as a PRIZE!

And just think—you don't have to send in a thing to get these prizes. There's one in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat. And, of course, it's no trouble at all to go through a package of *Kellogg's* Shredded Wheat *fast*. The whole family will love these crunchy toasted biscuits the way *Kellogg's* makes 'em. And they're as good *for* you as they are good to eat! So, get your package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat today—and start your Navy Craft collection today!







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®TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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No 130 Buckle Bracelet — Gold-Color Metal — Baked enamel — adjustable.

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No 163 Pistol and Holster with Belt — Realistic — Full-size — Composition.

Many More Gifts!

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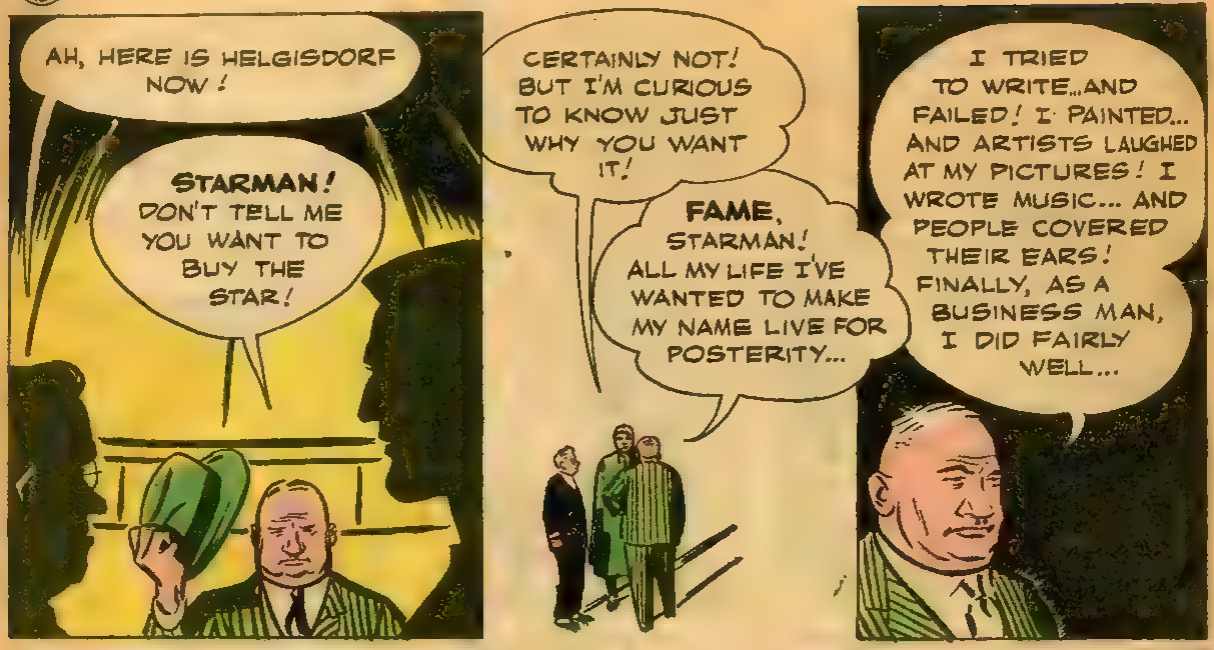
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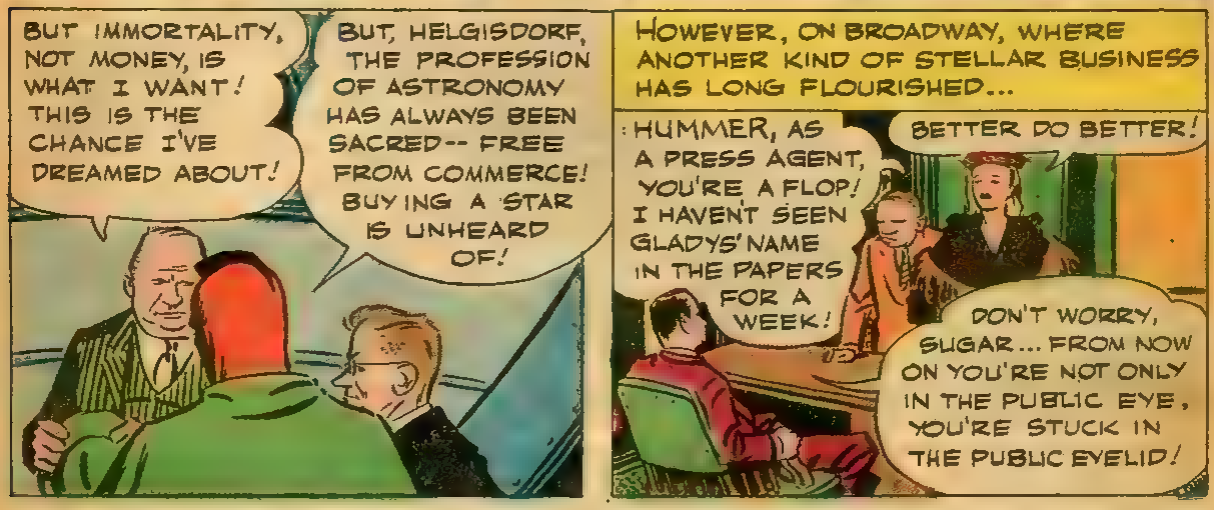
FREE!
10 [illegible]

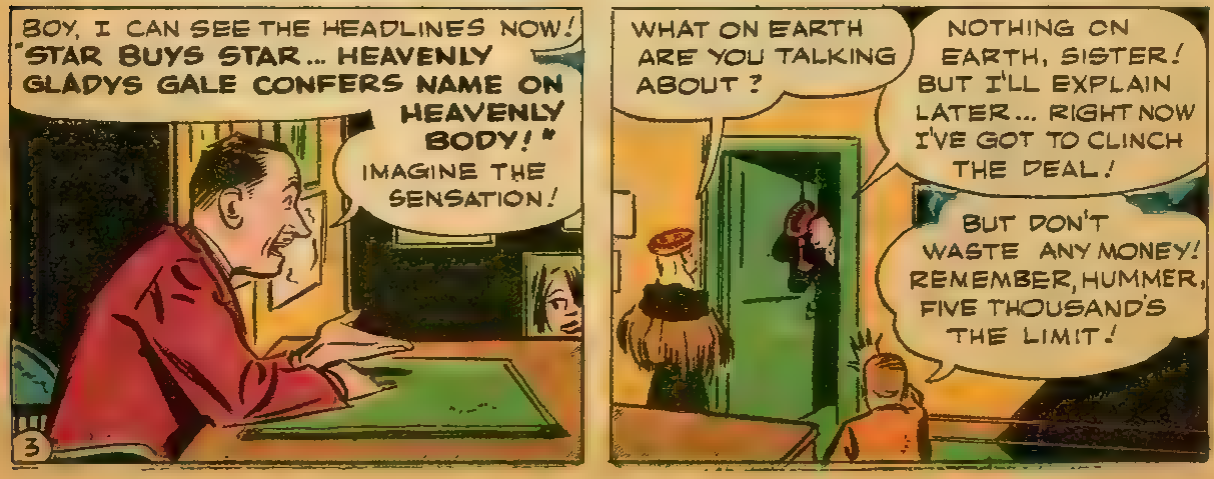
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STARMAN
WHO EVER HEARD OF BUYING A STAR? AND EVEN IF YOU COULD BUY SUCH A THING, WHAT IN THE WORLD WOULD BE ITS VALUE? YET, WHEN SOMEONE PUTS AN ASTRAL BODY UP FOR SALE, A SMALL BUT DETERMINED GROUP OF BIDDERS PEPPER THE MARKET WITH SOME RED-HOT OFFERS. BUT IN THIS CLAMOR OF COMPETITIVE BIDDING, STARMAN'S VOICE CRIES OUT THAT SOME THINGS CANNOT BE BOUGHT HOWEVER LOUD A FAME-HUNGRY MORTAL SHOUTS... "MY FORTUNE FOR A STAR!"
ABOUT THE LAST PLACE YOU'D EXPECT TO FIND EXCITING NEWS IS IN THE JOURNAL OF ASTRONOMY! AND YET...
UNBELIEVABLE! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

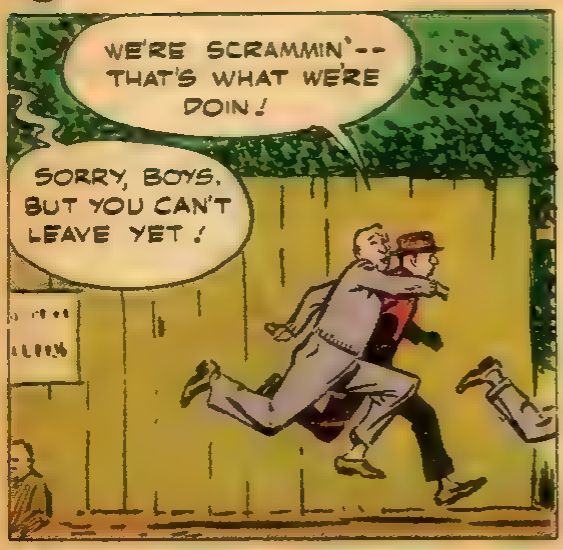

THIS MAY BE JUST A PRACTICAL JOKE... BUT JOKE OR NOT, STARMAN IS GOING TO PUT AN END TO IT!
PUT AN END TO WHAT? WHAT'S GOING ON? JUST THIS...
IMMORTALITY CAN BE YOURS!
DO YOU WANT YOUR NAME TO LIVE FOREVER? DO YOU WANT TO ATTAIN A FAME THAT CAN NEVER PERISH? WRITE TO JONATHAN WARNER...
HERE'S JOHNATHAN WARNER HIMSELF! HE MUST WITHDRAW THAT OFFER OF HIS!
WARNER, HOWEVER HAS A MIND OF HIS OWN...
...NO, STARMAN, I'M GOING THROUGH WITH IT! I NEED THAT MONEY TO CARRY ON MY RESEARCH, AND THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET IT!
THE RECENT DISCOVERY OF STAR X WAS MINE ALONE... THEREFORE, I'VE GOT THE RIGHT TO NAME IT AS I PLEASE! AND ONCE A STAR IS NAMED, THAT NAME STICKS!
YES, I UNDERSTAND! BUT THE USUAL THING IS FOR THE DISCOVERER TO NAME IT AFTER HIMSELF!
WELL, I'M NOT DOING THE **USUAL** THING! I'M NAMING **THIS** STAR AFTER WHOEVER PAYS ME THE MOST!
I'VE ALREADY GOT AN OFFER OF TEN THOUSAND FROM A MR. HELGISDORF! THAT TOPS THE FIELD... AND IF I DON'T GET ANYTHING BETTER BY TOMORROW, THE STAR'S HIS!


AH, HERE IS HELGISDORF NOW!
STARMAN! DON'T TELL ME YOU WANT TO BUY THE STAR!
CERTAINLY NOT! BUT I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW JUST WHY YOU WANT IT!
FAME, STARMAN! ALL MY LIFE I'VE WANTED TO MAKE MY NAME LIVE FOR POSTERITY...
I TRIED TO WRITE...AND FAILED! I PAINTED... AND ARTISTS LAUGHED AT MY PICTURES! I WROTE MUSIC... AND PEOPLE COVERED THEIR EARS! FINALLY, AS A BUSINESS MAN, I DID FAIRLY WELL...

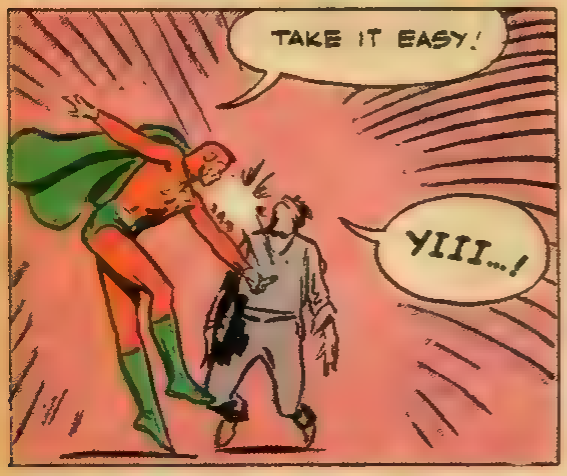

BUT IMMORTALITY, NOT MONEY, IS WHAT I WANT! THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE DREAMED ABOUT!
BUT, HELGISDORF, THE PROFESSION OF ASTRONOMY HAS ALWAYS BEEN SACRED-- FREE FROM COMMERCE! BUYING A STAR IS UNHEARD OF!
HOWEVER, ON BROADWAY, WHERE ANOTHER KIND OF STELLAR BUSINESS HAS LONG FLOURISHED...
HUMMER, AS A PRESS AGENT, YOU'RE A FLOP! I HAVEN'T SEEN GLADYS' NAME IN THE PAPERS FOR A WEEK!
BETTER DO BETTER!
DON'T WORRY, SUGAR... FROM NOW ON YOU'RE NOT ONLY IN THE PUBLIC EYE, YOU'RE STUCK IN THE PUBLIC EYELID!

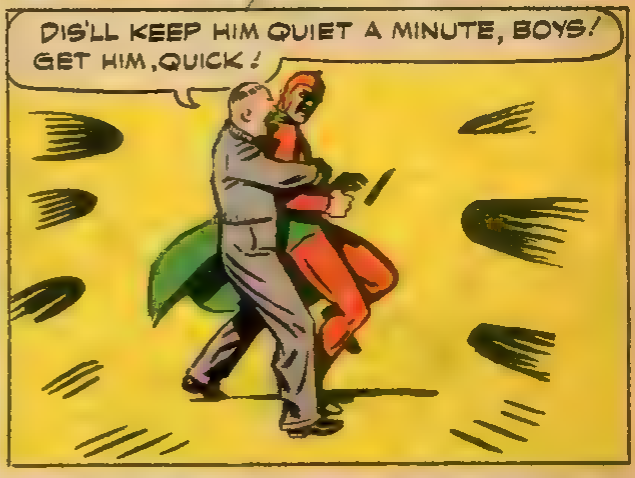

BOY, I CAN SEE THE HEADLINES NOW! "STAR BUYS STAR... HEAVENLY GLADYS GALE CONFERS NAME ON HEAVENLY BODY!" IMAGINE THE SENSATION!
3
WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
NOTHING ON EARTH, SISTER! BUT I'LL EXPLAIN LATER... RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO CLINCH THE DEAL!
BUT DON'T WASTE ANY MONEY! REMEMBER, HUMMER, FIVE THOUSAND'S THE LIMIT!

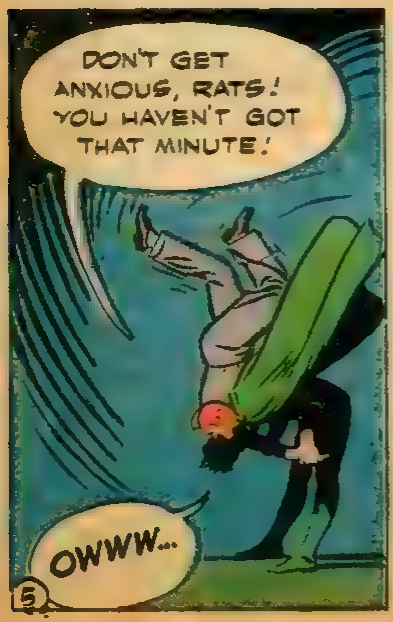

BUT WHEN THE PRESS AGENT PRESSES WARNER...
THAT'S MY OFFER, BROTHER... FIVE GRAND! AND THAT OUGHTTA BE PLENTY!
SORRY, MR. JONES... I HAVE A BETTER OFFER!
I'M NAMING THE STAR FOR MR. HELGISDORF!
HUH...? HEY, YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
THE NERVE OF THIS HELGISDORF, GUMMING UP MY IDEA! WELL, I'LL FIX HIS WAGON! THE BOYS IN THE PURPLE MOB AREN'T MY FRIENDS FOR NOTHING!
AND SO, THAT EVENING...
AAAA...
RELAX, CHUM! YOU BEEN AIMIN' TOO HIGH LATELY!
NICE WORK, BOYS! WE'LL KEEP HIM OUTTA SIGHT.. AND BY TOMORROW, WHEN HE DOESN'T COME ACROSS WITH THE TEN GRAND, WARNER'LL BE CONVINCED HE TOOK A POWDER!
HUMMER JONES HAS A PRETTY PLAN-- BUT SUDDENLY OVERHEAD..
THERE'S DIRTY WORK DOWN BELOW... A LITTLE ACTION OUGHT TO DO ME GOOD AFTER WORRYING ABOUT WARNER'S STUNT!
STARMAN!
THE PURPLE MOB! WHAT ARE YOU BOYS DOING AWAY FROM HOME?
4


WE'RE SCRAMMIN'-- THAT'S WHAT WE'RE DOIN!
SORRY, BOYS. BUT YOU CAN'T LEAVE YET!


NOT WHEN I WANT TO TALK TO YOU SO BADLY!

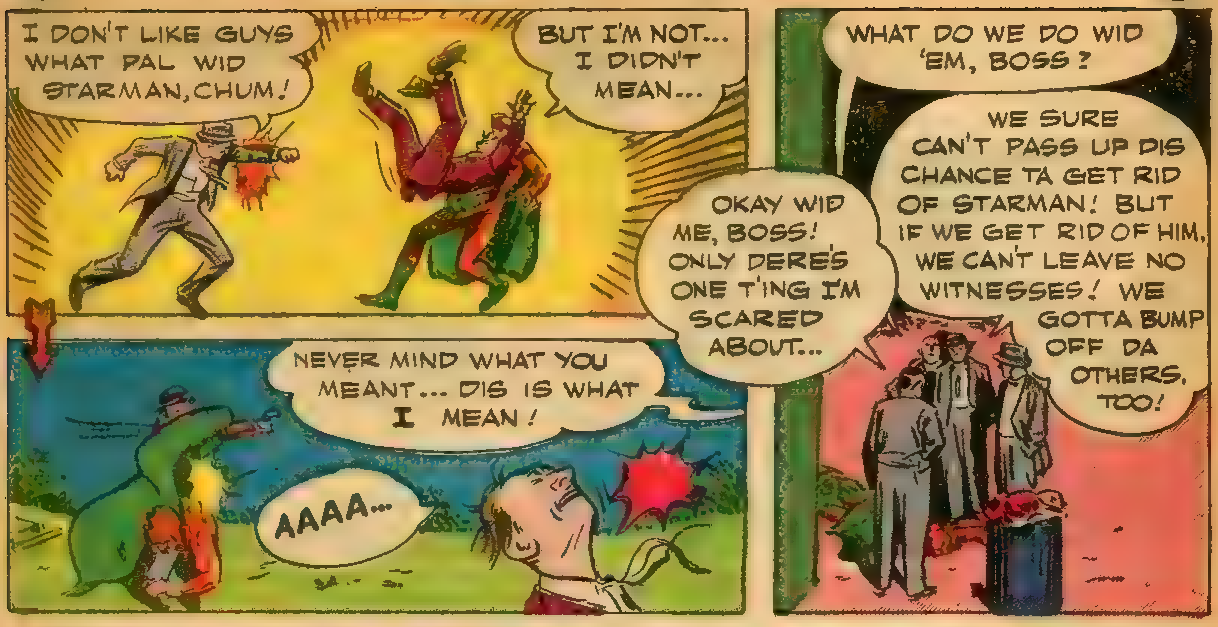

TAKE IT EASY!
YIII...!


DIS'LL KEEP HIM QUIET A MINUTE, BOYS! GET HIM, QUICK!

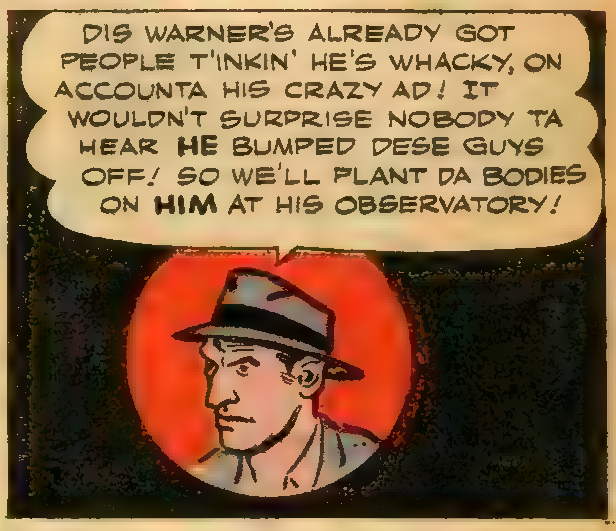

DON'T GET ANXIOUS, RATS! YOU HAVEN'T GOT THAT MINUTE!
OWWW...

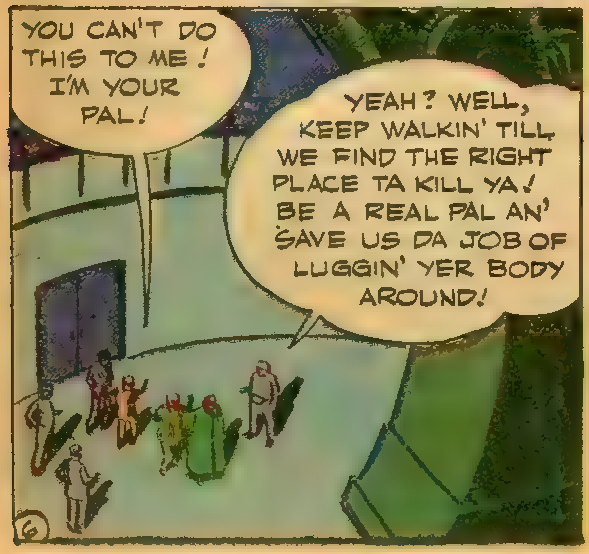

A SECOND WAS ALL I NEEDED, STAR-MAN! ONE SLUG, AN' YOU'RE FINISHED!
HEY!

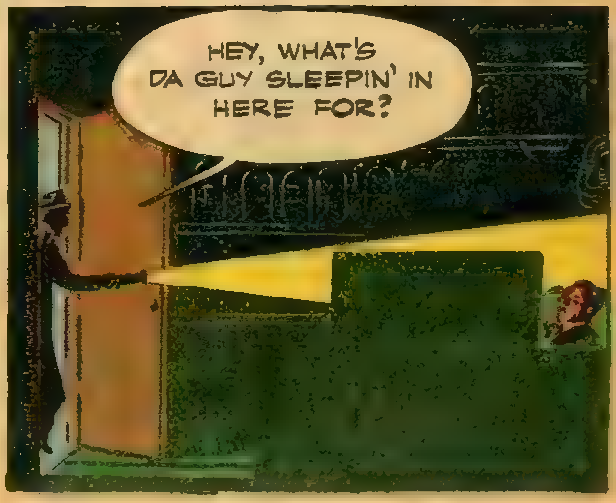

WHY, YOU DIRTY RAT!
I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T WANT ANY KILLING!


I DON'T LIKE GUYS WHAT PAL WID STARMAN, CHUM!
BUT I'M NOT... I DIDN'T MEAN...
NEVER MIND WHAT YOU MEANT... DIS IS WHAT I MEAN!
AAAA...
WHAT DO WE DO WID 'EM, BOSS?
WE SURE CAN'T PASS UP DIS CHANCE TA GET RID OF STARMAN! BUT IF WE GET RID OF HIM, WE CAN'T LEAVE NO WITNESSES! WE GOTTA BUMP OFF DA OTHERS, TOO!
OKAY WID ME, BOSS! ONLY DERE'S ONE T'ING I'M SCARED ABOUT...


WE PROBABLY BEEN SEEN COMIN' OUT HERE! SO WHEN DA BODIES GET FOUND, IT WON'T LOOK SO GOOD FER US!
YA GOT SOMETHIN' THERE, PAL... BUT I KIN FIX DAT!


DIS WARNER'S ALREADY GOT PEOPLE T'INKIN' HE'S WHACKY, ON ACCOUNTA HIS CRAZY AD! IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE NOBODY TA HEAR HE BUMPED DESE GUYS OFF! SO WE'LL PLANT DA BODIES ON HIM AT HIS OBSERVATORY!


YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'M YOUR PAL!
YEAH? WELL, KEEP WALKIN' TILL WE FIND THE RIGHT PLACE TA KILL YA! BE A REAL PAL AN' SAVE US DA JOB OF LUGGIN' YER BODY AROUND!
6


HEY, WHAT'S DA GUY SLEEPIN' IN HERE FOR?


HE MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP WHILE WAITING FOR HIS FILMS TO DEVELOP IN THAT ACID BATH! YOU SEE, ASTRONOMERS TAKE PICTURES OF THE STARS...
HUH... YOU SAY DAT'S AN ACID BATH, STARMAN? POIFECT!
WE'LL DUMP YOU INTA IT! HA, HA -- WILL DIS GUY BE SURPRISED TO SEE WHAT DEVELOPED!
BUT YOU CAN'T, YOU FIENDS..!
TAKE A DEEP BREATH, MUGG! DIS IS YER LAST BATH!
HA, HA -- YOUR OWN MEN HAVE DIPPED THEIR ARMS INTO THE ACID!
AND NOW THE ACID'S EATING THEM AWAY! WATCH HOW THEY TURN BLACK!
EEEEHHH... IT'S KILLIN' ME! I CAN'T STAND IT!
TRY THIS, THEN!
HEY!
A PRESENT FROM STARMAN!
YIII... DON'T! IT BOINS LIKE FIRE!
WHA...? I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP!
7

WITH THE MOB IN PANIC, THE REST IS EASY...

WHEW... LUCKY NONE OF THESE THUGS WERE CAMERA FANS! THAT BATH WAS FULL OF ACID, ALL RIGHT, BUT IT SO HAPPENS THAT FILM DEVELOPER ACID IS HARMLESS!

HOWEVER, SOME DEVELOPER SOLUTIONS DARKEN ON CONTACT WITH THE AIR, SO I TOOK A CHANCE ON THEIR ARMS DARKENING THEY DID, AND FEAR ACCOMPLISHD THE REST!

AND NOW, MR JONES, WE'VE GOT A FEW THINGS TO SETTLE BETWEEN US!

I KNOW, STARMAN... (GULP)... I DID WRONG! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE GOT THOSE THUGS TO HELP ME! BUT I'M WILLING TO TAKE MY PUNISHMENT!

WELL, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I'LL SEE THAT THE JUDGE DOESN'T MAKE IT TOO SEVERE! AS FOR YOU, MR. HELGISDORF...

AS FOR ME, STARMAN, I OWE YOU MY LIFE! AND I'LL DO ANYTHING TO REPAY YOU!

I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT! I WANT YOU TO FORGET THIS SILLY NOTION OF HAVING A STAR NAMED AFTER YOU! LET IT BE NAMED WARNER WHO HAS THE RIGHT TO IT!

BUT, STARMAN, I NEED THE MONEY!

ALL THE SAME, STARMAN'S RIGHT! I GUESS THAT LEAVES ONLY ONE THING TO DO...

MR. HELGISDORF DOES THAT ONE THING! AND WITH THAT ONE THING DONE, THERE IS HAPPINESS EVERYWHERE! ON BROADWAY...

SISTER, I GOT TO HAND IT TO HUMMER! HE SAID HE'D GET YOU PUBLICITY AND HE DONE IT EVEN IF HE HAD TO GO TO JAIL! HE GETS A BONUS.

AND IN THE HEART OF MR. HELGISDORF...

I DIDN'T GET THE KIND OF FAME I EXPECTED... BUT, THANKS TO STARMAN, I'VE EARNED A FAR WORTHIER PLACE IN HISTORY!

DAILY

MERCHANT OF MODERATE MEANS GIVES SAVINGS TO ASTRONOMY

SCIENTISTS HAIL HELGISDORF GIFT. SAY HIS SELF-SACRIFICE MARKS NEW PHASE IN THE HISTORY OF FAMOUS PATRONS!

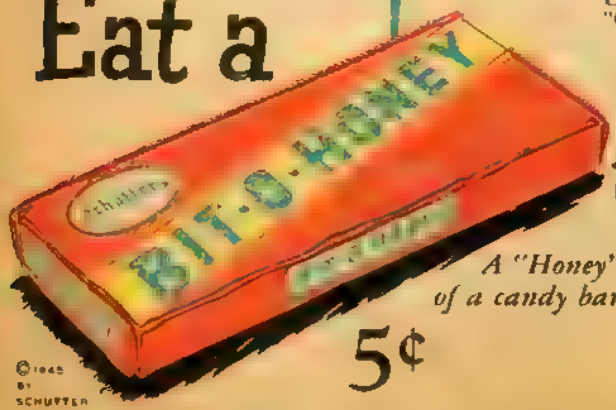
The End

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*8+2=10 1+0=1

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The Number-Alphabet

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D-M-V are "4"	E-N-W are "5"	F-O-X are "6"
G-P-Y are "7"	H-Q-Z are "8"	I-R are "9"

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REPAIR JOB

by Stan Carter

THERE had been only room for his family, and that was why Mason had stayed when the Japs took over. He was sure that sooner or later he could escape. And now that he had learned what he did, he was glad he stayed. It gave him the chance to discover the traitors among the natives. They were the half-castes, the children of a Jap parent. Mason wanted to know these traitors, because in the hills of Borneo, even now, were hidden the feared guerrilla bands, who would even up the horrible score of murder the Japs had tallied.

Dondowa was one of the traitors. Mason had never suspected him, thinking him only a good native foreman who got a lot of work out of the men. The owners of the rubber plantation had been very good to Dondowa Mason had been even kinder. But now he knew all about Dondowa—that the native wasn't really a native, but a member of the Japanese intelligence

For two months now, he had watched Dondowa wreak havoc among the men, women, and children he had once worked and lived with. He saw Dondowa, in his uniform as a Japanese colonel become a tyrannical ruler. And Mason vowed that before he left these islands Dondowa would die.

They hadn't bothered Mason much, but he knew, as he went over the daily tasks, that hostile eyes watched his every move to prevent an escape. Mason, one of the best engineers in that part of the country was forced to work as a foreman among the rubber tappers. Tokio was screaming for rubber, and still more rubber, a clear indication to Mason that the war was not going too well for the yellow sons of Nippon.

Radio Tokio told a different tale, however, a tale of valor and heroism, of American planes shot down and American battleships and carriers sent to the bottom with the first salvo from Japanese guns. Mason, of course, had no way of knowing about Midway, and Saipan, and the Battle of the Philippines. He could just know in his heart, watching the way the Japanese blundered here, that they couldn't possibly have won anything, that this frantic call for rubber and more rubber meant reverses for Tokio.

But if Colonel Dondowa knew things were not going well, he gave no indication of it. With fanatic zeal he kept the natives working, both in the rubber plant and in the new airfields that were under construction, with Japanese engineers in charge. These engineers had come up with the first regiment of troops, and Colonel Dondowa was very proud of them.

He brought Mason from the rubber plantation on the day they finally were completed. The runways glistened in the sun. Dondowa's eyes glinted as he spoke to Mason. "It is safe now, Mason," he said, "to let you, an engineer, see what Japanese ingenuity can accomplish. What do you think of these?"

They were beautiful all right, wonderful to behold. All Mason needed, though, was to see the materials that had gone into them. He knew as soon as he touched the glistening surface that they wouldn't hold up, not for long. The Japs were imitators, not creators. They had imitated, successfully, the outer surface of an airport, but that was all. There was nothing underneath

"The Colonel does me an honor asking my opinion," Mason said. "They are a tribute to engineering."

Colonel Dondowa scowled. "Good," he said briefly. Then, squinting through his thick-lensed glasses at Mason. "When our planes arrive," he said, "our glorious troops will cut through this wilderness. Your accursed armies, and those of the Chinese and British will never reopen the Burma road." His voice rose to a fanatical pitch. "We shall move forward, ever forward."

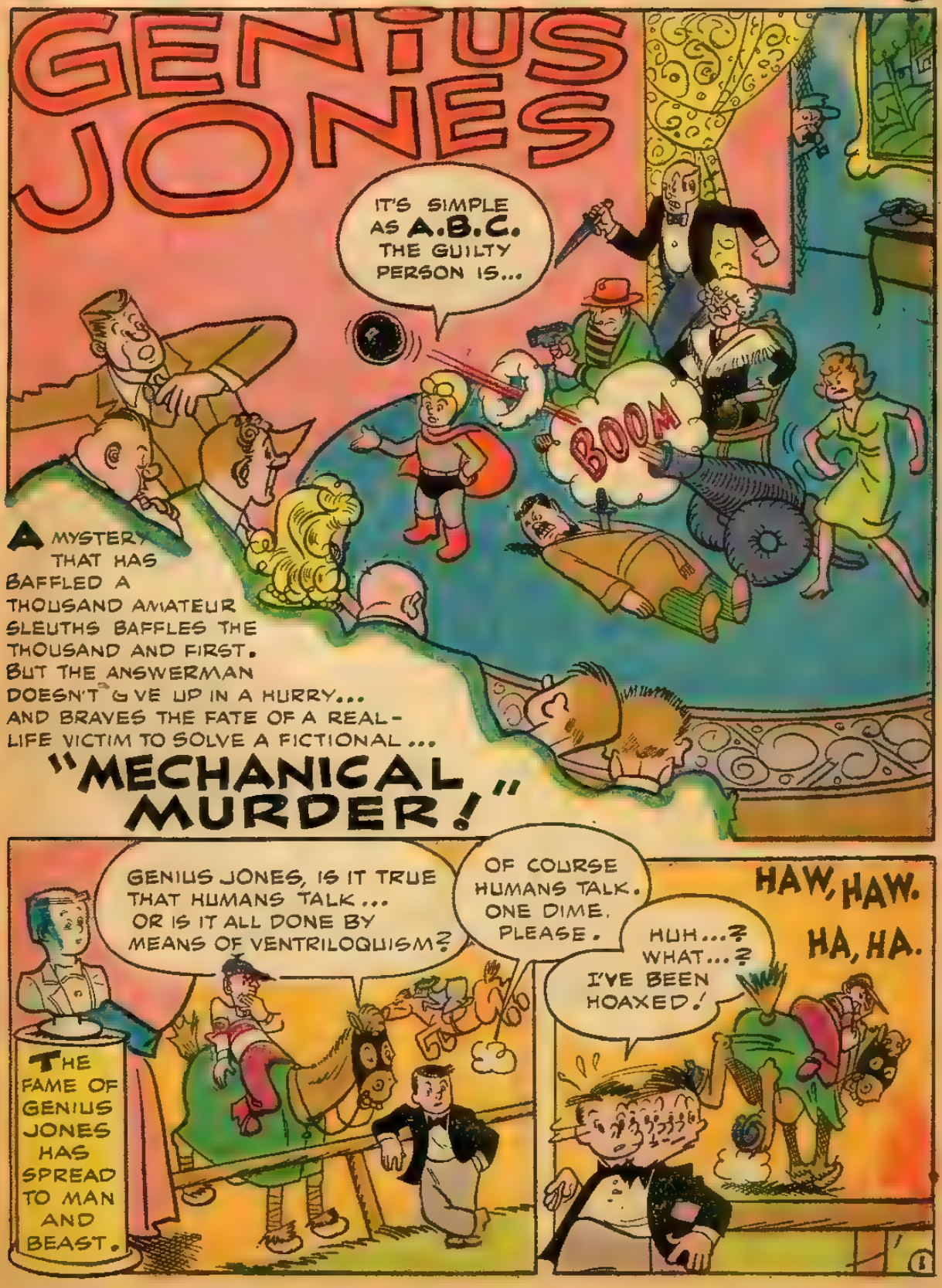
If he hadn't known the danger, Mason would have laughed. He had seen much better performances in amateur showings of the Mikado. Yet, he told himself soberly, there was very real danger here. He must get word, through the native underground to the guerrillas in the hills. They, in turn, would notify the Allied command The appearance of planes here meant that fresh troops would be coming up soon, to augment Colonel Dondowa's command. Mason stiffened suddenly.

Dondowa had said the troops would push forward. Tanks! An entire tank division must be on the way up, or a mobile unit of some sort. With a start, he returned to reality, conscious that Dondowa was dismissing him.

"Get back to your work, Mason," his former foreman said, "and see that your quota for the day is filled."

Silent, Mason went back That night he learned the engineers were departing in the morning. "To plot airfields further inland," the native who brought him the information said. "Tomorrow, the planes will arrive, and, a few days later, a column of tanks." And another regiment of troops would be behind them.

(Continued on inside back cover)

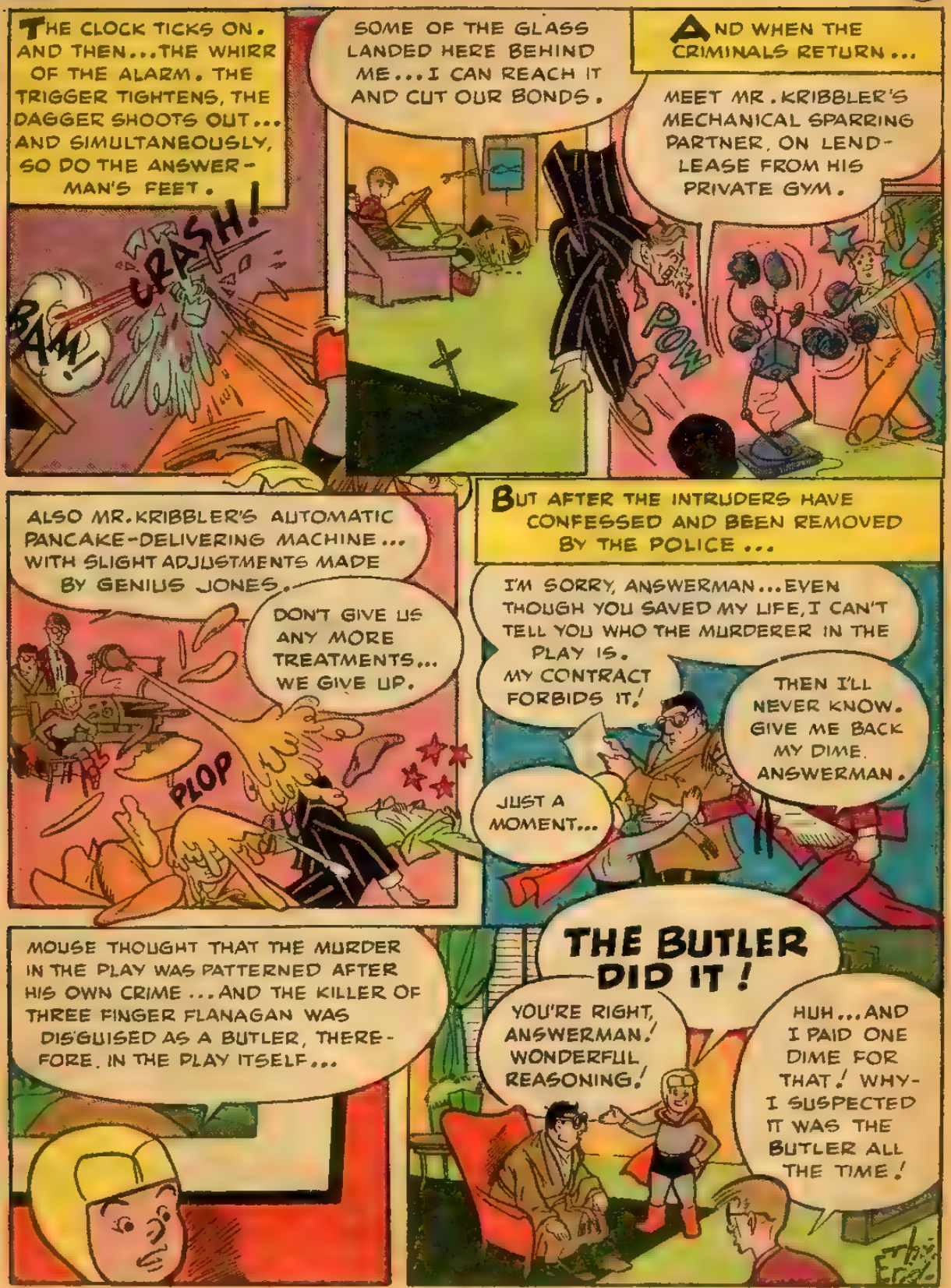

GENIUS JONES
IT'S SIMPLE AS A.B.C. THE GUILTY PERSON IS...
BOOM
A MYSTERY THAT HAS BAFFLED A THOUSAND AMATEUR SLEUTHS BAFFLES THE THOUSAND AND FIRST. BUT THE ANSWERMAN DOESN'T GIVE UP IN A HURRY... AND BRAVES THE FATE OF A REAL-LIFE VICTIM TO SOLVE A FICTIONAL...
"MECHANICAL MURDER!"
GENIUS JONES, IS IT TRUE THAT HUMANS TALK... OR IS IT ALL DONE BY MEANS OF VENTRILOQUISM?
OF COURSE HUMANS TALK. ONE DIME. PLEASE.
HUH...? WHAT...? I'VE BEEN HOAXED!
HAW, HAW. HA, HA.
THE FAME OF GENIUS JONES HAS SPREAD TO MAN AND BEAST.


BUT GENIUS JONES IS NOT ONE TO BROOD, ESPECIALLY WHEN MORE SERIOUS MATTERS CLAIM HIS ATTENTION.
MR. JONES, I WANT YOU TO SOLVE A MURDER MYSTERY. THE POLICE ARE BAFFLED, I'M BAFFLED, AND YOU'LL BE BAFFLED TOO.
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT. GIVE ME THE FACTS OF THE CASE.
IT'S IN THE PLAY, MECHANICAL MURDER. BY THE END OF THE SECOND ACT, IT HAD BEEN PROVED THAT FIVE DIFFERENT PEOPLE HATED THE VICTIM... ANY ONE OF THEM MIGHT HAVE KILLED HIM. LET ME DESCRIBE THEM...
AFTER A SHORT SYNOPSIS OF THE PLAY...
AT THE BEGINNING OF THE THIRD ACT, I GOT AN IMPORTANT TELEPHONE CALL AND HAD TO LEAVE... I NEVER DID LEARN WHO THE MURDERER WAS.
WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK SOMEBODY WHO SAW THE WHOLE PLAY?
I DID, BUT NOBODY WOULD TELL ME.
PROGRAM NOTE: "PLEASE DO NOT REVEAL THE SECRET OF THIS PLAY TO OTHERS. TO DO SO WOULD SPOIL THEIR ENJOYMENT WHEN THEY, TOO, SEE IT."
P-10
HMMM... THEN WHY NOT RETURN AND SEE THE PLAY AGAIN?
IMPOSSIBLE. TICKETS ARE SOLD OUT THREE MONTHS IN ADVANCE.
BESIDES, EVEN IF I COULD GET A TICKET, THEY'RE EXPENSIVE... IT'S CHEAPER TO GET THE INFORMATION FROM YOU FOR A DIME.
I SEE YOUR POINT. THEN THERE'S ONE THING TO DO... AND THAT CALLS FOR THE ANSWERMAN COSTUME!
WE'LL GET THE AUTHOR OF THE PLAY TO TELL US. I'M SOMETHING OF A CELEBRITY MYSELF, SO HE WON'T HESITATE TO TALK TO ME.
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BUT, UNKNOWN TO THE ANSWERMAN . . .
GEE, MOUSE. IMAGINE US MEETIN' A REAL AUTHOR. SHOULD WE TAKE HIS AUTOGRAPH?
HIS AUTOGRAPH, ME EYE...WE'RE TAKIN' HIS LIFE!
I DON'T KNOW HOW HE LOINED ABOUT US... BUT DETAIL FOR DETAIL, THAT MECHANICAL MOIDER HE WROTE ABOUT IS JUST LIKE THE SET-UP I USED TA BUMP OFF TREE-FINGER FLANAGAN.
AND SOONER OR LATER HE'LL TELL THE COPPERS.
S. Kribbler
YEAH, BUT WON'T THE COPPERS SUSPECT ANYWAY, JUST FROM SEEIN' THE PLAY?
SUSPICIONS WON'T HOIT US... IT'S THE PROOF THAT I'M AFRAID OF. AND IF THIS GUY'S GOT IT, WE CAN'T TAKE NO CHANCES.
S. Kribbler
HOWDY, MR. KRIBBLER. I WANTA DISCUSS A LITTLE LITERACHOOR WITH YA.
HMMM... I GUESS THERE'S NO ARGUING WITH THAT GUN.
AT THIS MOMENT HOWEVER . . .
OH, OH... MR. KRIBBLER HAS GUESTS, AND IT LOOKS AS IF THEY WANT MORE THAN AUTOGRAPHS.
MIND IF I JOIN THIS STORY CONFERENCE?
TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, ANSWERMAN... REMEMBER, I'VE GOT A DIME INVESTED IN YOU.


I KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS... BUT I STILL HAVE USE FOR AN ENCYCLOPEDIA.
OW!
THIS TYPEWRITER HAS KNOCKED OUT PLENTY OF CRIME STORIES... BUT THIS IS THE FIRST CRIMINAL.
CLUNK
DZING
WITH THIS AUTOMATIC CARD DEALER I CAN THROW EVERYTHING IN THE DECK AT YOU.
THE ANSWERMAN'S DOING A WONDERFUL JOB. HE DESERVES A LITTLE HELP.
HEY
SORRY... MY INTENTIONS WERE GOOD. BUT MY AIM WAS BAD!
HEH, HEH... WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT MY INTENTIONS ARE.
SOCK
AND SO, PRESENTLY...
NOW, KRIBBLER, HOW DID YOU LEARN ABOUT ME PULLIN' THE JOB LIKE THE ONE YOU PUT INTO YOUR PLAY?
I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR JOB. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THAT AND MY PLAY IS PURE COINCIDENCE.


YOU SEE, I GOT THE IDEA FOR THE MURDER BECAUSE I LIKE MECHANICAL GADGETS MYSELF.
OH, YEAH? OKAY, CHUM, I KNOW HOW TO MAKE YA TALK.
WHEN THE ALARM GOES OFF, IT SETS OFF THE GUN... AND THE DAGGER GOES STRAIGHT FOR THE ANSWERMAN.
JUST THE WAY THE VICTIM WAS KILLED IN MY PLAY.
NO, NO, DON'T...
HEH, HEH. I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR TO LOOK AT THE BODY... MAYBE THEN YOU'LL TALK.
I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT SELTZER, ANSWERMAN. MY HEROES NEVER MAKE A MISTAKE... BUT SOMEHOW I MYSELF NEVER DO ANYTHING RIGHT.
NEVER MIND THE APOLOGIES. THAT GADGET LOOKS INTERESTING... WHAT IS IT?
"THAT? IT'S SIMPLY AN AUTOMATIC SODA MIXER... MIXES SYRUP AND SELTZER, AND DROPS THE FINISHED GLASS INTO YOUR HANDS."
IF WE HAD OUR HANDS FREE, I'D SHOW YOU HOW IT WORKS. YOU SIMPLY PRESS A BUTTON ON THE SIDE...
NEVER MIND OUR HANDS. I THINK I CAN REACH IT WITH MY FOOT...
AND NOW THE ANSWERMAN PERFORMS INTRICATE MENTAL CALCULATIONS.
LET ME SEE NOW... THE ARM THRUSTS OUT AT AN ANGLE OF 78°... FULL EXTENSION 18 INCHES... WEIGHT OF DAGGER... HMMM... DAGGER LEAVES MUZZLE WITH INITIAL VELOCITY... HMMM...


THE CLOCK TICKS ON. AND THEN...THE WHIRR OF THE ALARM. THE TRIGGER TIGHTENS, THE DAGGER SHOOTS OUT... AND SIMULTANEOUSLY, SO DO THE ANSWER-MAN'S FEET.
CRASH!
BAM!
SOME OF THE GLASS LANDED HERE BEHIND ME...I CAN REACH IT AND CUT OUR BONDS.
AND WHEN THE CRIMINALS RETURN...
MEET MR. KRIBBLER'S MECHANICAL SPARRING PARTNER, ON LEND-LEASE FROM HIS PRIVATE GYM.
POW
ALSO MR. KRIBBLER'S AUTOMATIC PANCAKE-DELIVERING MACHINE... WITH SLIGHT ADJUSTMENTS MADE BY GENIUS JONES.
DON'T GIVE US ANY MORE TREATMENTS... WE GIVE UP.
PLOP
BUT AFTER THE INTRUDERS HAVE CONFESSED AND BEEN REMOVED BY THE POLICE...
I'M SORRY, ANSWERMAN...EVEN THOUGH YOU SAVED MY LIFE, I CAN'T TELL YOU WHO THE MURDERER IN THE PLAY IS. MY CONTRACT FORBIDS IT!
THEN I'LL NEVER KNOW. GIVE ME BACK MY DIME, ANSWERMAN.
JUST A MOMENT...
MOUSE THOUGHT THAT THE MURDER IN THE PLAY WAS PATTERNED AFTER HIS OWN CRIME ...AND THE KILLER OF THREE FINGER FLANAGAN WAS DISGUISED AS A BUTLER, THEREFORE, IN THE PLAY ITSELF...
THE BUTLER DID IT!
YOU'RE RIGHT, ANSWERMAN! WONDERFUL REASONING!
HUH...AND I PAID ONE DIME FOR THAT! WHY-I SUSPECTED IT WAS THE BUTLER ALL THE TIME!

WHAT MAKES A CHAMPION?

Make-up of most champions includes: (1) *Smart coaching*, (2) *Good training*, (3) *Natural ability*, (4) *Hard work*, (5) *Will-to-win*. Greater natural ability is an advantage, but that's all. The will-to-win is in your heart. On items (1) and (2) here's some help.

1. SMART COACHING . .

Now! You can get expert coaching from world famous sports authorities—in Wheaties new Library of Sports manuals. Each book contains 32 pointer-packed pages. Jammed with straight-from-the-shoulder advice that has paid off in championships. Loaded with action pictures that show exactly *how to play your game the champion way*.

Pick your coach from the Wheaties champion-making, champion-winning staff. Choose the books you need from this all-star line-up:

1. WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL CHAMPION? *by* Bernie Bierman
2. WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION? *by* Lew Fonseca
3. WANT TO BE A BASKETBALL CHAMPION? (Boys) *by* Carl Nordly and Dave MacMillan
4. WANT TO BE A SWIMMING CHAMPION? *by* Matt Mann
5. WANT TO BE A GOLF CHAMPION? (Boys) *by* Gene Sarazen
6. WANT TO BE A TENNIS CHAMPION? (Girls) *by* Alice Marble
7. WANT TO BE A SOFTBALL CHAMPION? *by* Ty Gleason and Arnie Simso
8. WANT TO BE A BOWLING CHAMPION? *by* Ned Day
9. WANT TO BE A BASKETBALL CHAMPION? (Girls) *by* Catherine Snell and Eloise Jaeger
10. WANT TO BE A TENNIS CHAMPION? (Boys) *by* Don Budge
11. WANT TO BE A TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPION? (Track Events) *by* Leo Johnson
12. WANT TO BE A TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPION? (Field Events) *by* Tom Jones
13. WANT TO BE A GOLF CHAMPION? (Girls) *by* Patty Berg
14. WANT TO BE A HOME AND NEIGHBORHOOD GAMES CHAMPION? *by* Carl Nordly



2. GOOD TRAINING . . .

All basic training programs stress proper sleep, cleanliness, conditioning exercise—and nutritious diet. Eating right is important business for any athlete. That's one reason why big bowlfuls of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions" are a training table favorite with top-notch performers in all sports.

Wheaties are chuck-full of *widely known essential whole grain nourishment*. And Wheaties' rich food values are mighty easy to take—in big, crisp-toasted, malt-flavored flakes. Smart training – *delicious eating*—in milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions."



"Breakfast of Champions"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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SEND FOR YOUR BOOKS TODAY! Use easy-to-mail coupon. Or mail order to Wheaties, Library of Sports, Dept. 76, Minneapolis 15, Minn. *Order books in pairs only.* Order as many as you need. Send ONE Wheaties box top and 10c for each set of TWO books. Offer expires July 1, 1946.

I WANT TO BE A CHAMPION!

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Please send me the Library of Sports books I have circled below. I enclose ONE Wheaties box top and 10c for each set of TWO books.

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MIKE GIBBS GUERRILLA
YOU CAN'T EXPECT THE MIKADO'S MEN TO DO MUCH COOPERATING WITH AMERICANS... WHICH MAKES ALL THE MORE SURPRISING THEIR STRANGE BEHAVIOR ON SHIMIZU ISLAND! FOR THEY TOSS PREVIOUS ORDERS FROM TOKYO ASIDE, TO TAKE ORDERS FROM GUERRILLA INSTEAD! AND THE RESULT? DANGER FOR GUERRILLA, DEATH FOR ASSORTED NIPPONESE... AND FOR OUR AIR FORCE, A SPLENDID GIFT, PRESENTED WITH..."COMPLIMENTS OF HONORABLE MIKADO!"
STOP, STUPID ONES!
GUERRILLA ORDER... WE MUST DO!
ON AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP, A NOTED ADMIRAL CONFERS WITH GUERRILLA, FAMED UNDERGROUND FIGHTER FOR FREEDOM!
GUERRILLA, WHAT WE NEED FOR OUR SUPERFORTRESSES IS A BASE CLOSER TO JAPAN. SHIMIZU ISLAND MAY BE THE ANSWER.
I KNOW THE PLACE, ADMIRAL.


BUT UNFORTUNATELY, RIGHT NOW, IT'S OCCUPIED BY THE JAPS!
I KNOW IT—
WITH OUR SEA POWER, WE'D BE ABLE TO HOLD SHIMIZU—ONCE WE TOOK IT!
HOW HEAVILY IS IT FORTIFIED?
THAT'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO FIND OUT! YOU'RE TO GO TO SHIMIZU...
SUDDENLY...
THE WARNING BELL! WE'VE SIGHTED THE ENEMY!
RRRRIIIIIIINNNGGGGG!
AND NOW, WITH CLOCKWORK PRECISION, AMERICAN NAVAL UNITS SWING INTO ACTION! BIG GUNS BOOM, AND CARRIERS RELEASE THEIR SWARMS OF PLANES ...
BANG!
BOOM!
BOOM!


AND AFTER THE BATTLE IS OVER ...
WE DIDN'T DO SUCH A GOOD JOB THIS TIME, GUERRILLA! A COUPLE OF JAP SHIPS ARE ESCAPING BEHIND THAT SMOKE SCREEN!
THERE'S ONE THAT DIDN'T GET AWAY, SIR... IT'S CAUGHT ON THE ROCKS!
GOOD! WE MAY BE ABLE TO GET SOME INFORMATION FROM IT!
SOON...
GUERRILLA, YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO TO SHIMIZU AFTER ALL! THESE PAPERS FROM THE BODY OF ADMIRAL TOHARA, TELL US THAT THE ISLAND IS BEING FORTIFIED RIGHT NOW!
IF ONLY WE COULD ATTACK BEFORE THESE FORTIFICATIONS ARE COMPLETED!
HOW MUCH TIME WOULD WE NEED TO ASSEMBLE A TASK FORCE, SIR?
HMM... ABOUT TWO WEEKS, I SHOULD SAY.
THEN WE CAN DO IT!
I HAVE A PLAN SIR - AND I'M SURE IT WILL WORK. HERE'S THE WAY WE'LL GET SHIMIZU ISLAND BEFORE IT CAN BE FULLY FORTIFIED...


PRESENTLY, IN ACCORDANCE WITH GUERRILLA'S PLAN...
BOMB HIT RADIO STATION, HONORABLE COLONAL!
BOOM!
NOW CANNOT TALK TO TOKYO UNTIL FIXED... AND AMERICANS WATCH TO SEE NO SHIPS SLIP INTO HARBOR! CANNOT GET MESSAGE... VERY BAD!
BUT LOOK, HONORABLE COLONEL... ONE OF OUR DESTROYERS!
MAYBE THE ONE CARRYING ADMIRAL TOHARA! MUST SEE!
SHORTLY...
EVERYBODY HONORABLY DEAD.. AND SHIP BATTERED SO MUCH, SHE USELESS!
BUT DRIFT TO PORT ALL SAME! PERHAPS ADMIRAL'S BODY CARRY INSTRUCTIONS...
IS INDEED SO! VERY INTERESTING, CAPTAIN... ORDERS TELL OF NEW SUPERBOMBER WE BUILD. NOW WE BOMB AMERICANS!
AH! WILL BE GREAT PLEASURE!
PAPERS SAY WE WILL USE SHIMIZU AS GREAT NEW BASE FOR SECRET, OFFENSIVE! MUST TAKE MEN FROM BUILDING DEFENSES AND START THEM WORKING ON AIRFIELDS AT ONCE!
AH, WHAT SURPRISE TO AMERICANS! LIKE PEARL HARBOR ALL OVER AGAIN!
THAT NIGHT...
SO LONG, BOYS, AND THANKS FOR BRINGING ME HERE! SEE YOU AGAIN SOON—I HOPE!


NOW TO SEE THAT ALL MY PLANS WORK OUT. SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS IS GOING TO BE A TOUGH JOB.
WHAT WORRIES ME MOST IS THAT RADIO STATION.! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE THEM FIX THAT AND CONTACT TOKYO.
UNEXPECTEDLY...
GUERRILLA!
GLAD TO SEE ME, RAT?
BANG!
NICE OF YOU TO CELEBRATE MY ARRIVAL WITH FIREWORKS.!
AAAA...
HERE'S SOME OF THE AMERICAN KIND.!
HO STUPID ONES, WHAT HAPPEN?
NOW THE JAPS WILL KNOW I'M HERE.! BUT MAYBE THAT ISN'T SO UNLUCKY AFTER ALL.!
I CAN KEEP OUT OF THEIR HANDS... AND MAYBE MY PRESENCE MAY HUSTLE THEM A LITTLE.!
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GUERRILLA'S GUESS IS A GOOD ONE! NEXT MORNING...
SO AMERICANS HEAR ABOUT NEW BOMBERS AFTER ALL, SEND GUERRILLA TO INVESTIGATE!
MUST WORK FAST, HONORABLE COLONEL, TO COMPLETE AIRFIELDS BEFORE THEY CAN PREPARE DEFENSE FOR OUR NEW SUPER PLANES.
INDEED SO! FASTER, LAZY ONES! WORK FOR THE GLORY OF YOUR EMPEROR! FASTER!
AND AS THE AIRFIELD IS RUSHED TOWARD COMPLETION...
THOSE JAPS DON'T KNOW IT, BUT THEY'RE IN FOR A SHOCK!
UNFORTUNATELY THAT RADIO STATION IS BECOMING A MENACE. ANOTHER FEW HOURS AND IT WILL BE WORKING AGAIN. SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE!
AND SO, THAT EVENING...
RELAX, RAT... THAT RADIO STATION WILL GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU!
ARGH...
RUSH... DEFENSES... DANGER... IMMEDIATE...
MUST BE MISTAKE! TELL US TO BUILD AIRFIELD, NOT DEFENSES!
SEEMS LIKE I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!
A!!EEE!
MESSAGE FROM GUERRILLA ... HONORABLE MIKADO GO SOAK HEAD!
KLUNK!


NOW TO PUT THIS THING ON THE BLINK AGAIN.!
CRASH!
AND TO WRITE A MESSAGE TELLING THEM TO GET A MOVE ON ABOUT BUILDING THOSE AIRFIELDS.! THEY'LL THINK THEIR OWN OPERATOR WROTE IT BEFORE I HIT HIM!
BUT OUTSIDE...
IMPATIENT TO HEAR WHAT TOKYO SAY WHEN WE TELL THEM HOW FAST WE ACT!
MAYBE YOU GET MEDAL, HONORABLE COLONEL! MAYBE THEY MAKE YOU GENERAL.!
GUERRILLA!
NOT PLEASED TO MEET YOU!
THIS VACUUM TUBE'S A GOOD MATCH FOR YOUR EMPTY HEAD!
COME ON, WE GET GUERRILLA NOW.
LOOKS LIKE I'M SLIGHTLY OUTNUMBERED!
LUCKY WE COME HERE BEFORE GUERRILLA HAVE TIME TO DESTROY MESSAGE!


BUT NOW, YOU TELL US HOW YOU LEARN ABOUT NEW JAPANESE SUPER-BOMBERS!
NEVER MIND HOW I KNOW! ALL I'LL TELL YOU IS THAT YOU'LL NEVER SEE THE DAY WHEN THESE AIRFIELDS YOU'RE BUILDING ARE USED! YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME WORKING ON THEM!
THAT WHAT YOU THINK, GUERRILLA! ORDERS FROM TOKYO SAY DIFFERENT! BOMBERS WILL LAND WEEK FROM TODAY.. WE KEEP YOU ALIVE TILL THEN... EXECUTE YOU AS PART OF WELCOME CEREMONY.
AND SO, DESPITE ALL HIS EFFORTS, THE GREAT FIGHTER FOR FREEDOM FACES DEATH! THEN, A WEEK LATER...
AH, THERE ARE PLANES, ON SCHEDULE! THEY FLY VERY HIGH!
UNEXPECTEDLY..
WHA..? THEY MAKE MISTAKE!
NO MISTAKE, RAT..THEY'RE OUR BOMBERS, NOT YOURS! AND YOU WERE BUILDING YOUR AIRFIELD ON THE FAKE ORDERS I PLANTED ON ADMIRAL TOHARA'S BODY!
AIII... WE FOOLED! GUERRILLA TRICK US SO WE WORK FOR AMERICANS!
AT THE SAME MOMENT...
NOT A JAP PILLBOX IN SIGHT! WE'VE CAUGHT THEM BY SURPRISE!
THANK GUERRILLA FOR THAT! THAT GUY HAS SAVED PLENTY OF OUR LIVES!
THE SURPRISED NIPPONESE CAN OFFER BUT FEEBLE RESISTANCE! AND SHORTLY...
NICE WORK, GUERRILLA! WAIT TILL OUR SUPER-FORT FLYERS HEAR THAT THE AIRFIELDS ON THIS ISLAND ARE ALL READY FOR THEM, AND THEY CAN START OPERATING AT ONCE!
YOU CAN THANK THE JAPS FOR THAT, ADMIRAL... I'VE NEVER HAD BETTER COOPERATION IN MY LIFE!
THE END
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VOLTO FROM MARS
THERE'S TROUBLE AHEAD WHEN VOLTO AND JIMMY HELP AMERICA'S FARMERS HARVEST CROPS TO FEED OUR NATION'S FIGHTING MEN! BUT THANKS TO VOLTO'S MIGHTY MAGNETIC POWERS... WELL, SEE FOR YOURSELF!
AN APPROACHING HAIL STORM THREATENS THE PEACH CROP...
I SHORE HATE TUH LOSE MY PEACHES, BUT I RECKON WE BETTER GET INSIDE BEFORE THE STORM BREAKS.
PERHAPS I CAN HELP — COME ON IN, JIMMY!
SUDDENLY ON THE HILL ABOVE JIMMY...
AND BELOW...
LOOK OUT, JIMMY!... THAT ROCK!
HERE'S WHERE I GO INTO ACTION.
AND VOLTO CALLS ON HIS POTENT POWERS TO SAVE JIMMY!
SEE? WHEN I SAY 'VOLTO' MY LEFT HAND REPELS...
VOLTO
WHEW! A CLOSE CALL!
NOW TO SAVE THE PEACH CROP— MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS! WATCH!
VOLTO
AMAZING! THANKS TO YOU, VOLTO, MY CROP IS SAFE. ALL US FARMERS COULD HARVEST MIGHTY BIG WARTIME CROPS IF WE HAD MORE VOLUNTEER HELP.
WE MARS-MEN MUST RECHARGE OUR POWERS WITH WHOLE GRAIN CEREAL ...DO YOU HAVE SOME?
WHY, WE HAVE THE BEST OF ALL, GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES! THEY'RE MIGHTY TASTY BY THEMSELVES... AND BETTER STILL WITH FRESH PEACHES. LET'S GO!
AND LATER...
WHY, THIS IS DELICIOUS. AND THESE GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES SUPERCHARGE YOU WITH ENERGY, TOO!
TAKE IT FROM ME:.. YOU HAVE A TREAT IN STORE IF YOU HAVEN'T TRIED GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES. TRY SOME TODAY!
Grape-Nuts Flakes
WHOLE GRAIN
COPR 1945 GENERAL FOODS CORP.

In the absence of the Hon. Mr. Justice Ferguson, Mr. Justice Riddell presided at the Assizes at Brantford on Monday, and in a short address to the Grand Jury referred to the fact that there were no criminal cases for trial.

In the civil sittings, only one case was entered for trial, that of Hamilton v. Hamilton, which was settled before the jury was empanelled.

His Lordship congratulated the Grand Jury on the fact that there was no criminal business, and said that it was a matter for congratulation that the Province of Ontario was so free from crime. Crime, he said, is increasing in the United States.

His Lordship discharged the Grand Jury and the Petit Jury, and the Assizes were closed.

The Assizes at Simcoe were opened on Tuesday morning by Mr. Justice Riddell. The Grand Jury was empanelled, and the Petit Jury was discharged, as there was no criminal business and no civil cases entered for trial.

His Lordship addressed the Grand Jury, and congratulated them on the fact that there was no criminal business. He said that it was a matter for congratulation that the Province of Ontario was so free from crime. Crime, he said, is increasing in the United States.

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Last Monday, Mr. Justice Riddell presided at the Assizes at Cayuga, and in a short address to the Grand Jury referred to the fact that there were no criminal cases for trial.

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ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

FLAMING RESCUE!

SAY, "R.C.", I SEE SOMETHING GOOD--A ROYAL CROWN COLA STAND!

QUIET, QUICKIE! I HEAR SOMETHING BAD -- SOMEONE'S YELLING FIRE!

FIRE! FIRE!

BOY, THEY WEREN'T KIDDING! LOOK AT THE FLAMES IN THAT HOUSE!

AND LOOK UP IN THE TOP WINDOW, QUICKIE--THERE'S A GIRL UP THERE!

HELP!

THERE'S A LOT OF SMOKE COMING OUT OF THAT WINDOW—HEY! THAT GIRL HAS COLLAPSED!

HURRY, QUICKIE! YOU GO TURN IN AN ALARM. I'M GOING UP AND GET HER!

I SURE HOPE QUICKIE GOT THE FIRE DEPARTMENT. THIS FLOOR'S ABOUT READY TO FALL THROUGH. WHEW—WHAT SMOKE!

"R.C." RUSHES INTO THE BURNING HOUSE AND UP TWO FLIGHTS OF STAIRS TO THE TOP STORY. THE GIRL HAS SLIPPED FROM THE WINDOW TO THE FLOOR.

AH--THEY GOT HERE. AND THEY'VE SPREAD A LIFE NET! OVER YOU GO, MISS—IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT!

PICKING UP THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL, HE STAGGERS TO THE WINDOW... DROPS HER INTO A NET HELD BY FIREMEN BELOW

BOY! I'LL BET "R.C." WISHES HE WAS SITTING DOWN DRINKING ROYAL CROWN COLA RIGHT NOW

"R.C." SEES THE FIREMEN CATCH THE GIRL SAFELY AND THEN JUMPS HIMSELF!

HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE? YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

SO'S THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA.

YOU'RE WELCOME, MISS—AND QUICKIE'S RIGHT—IT'S THE ONLY COLA THAT'S BEST BY TASTE-TEST!

COWBOY STAR JIMMY WAKELY SAYS:

SURE THING! IT DOES TASTE BEST!

Cowboy star Jimmy Wakely has a sharp taste for colas! He tried leading colas in paper cups and picked the one that tasted best. It was Royal Crown Cola! "R C's my favorite 'quick-up' treat!" says Jimmy. Try it today! 2 full glasses in each 5¢ bottle.

See Jimmy Wakely in "SONG OF THE RANGE" a Monogram picture

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by Taste-Test!

An L246 Scan



Edit by LoftyPilot